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A MEDICAL STUDENT'S LETTERS TO HIS PARENTS

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BY "SCUGOG"

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A MEDICAL STUDENT'S LETTERS TO HIS PARENTS

ANTRIM ARMS HOTEL,
PORTRUSH, *Sept. 17th, 1878.*

DEAR FATHER:—

YOU will see from the above address where I am after my long voyage across the blue Atlantic. Up to the last two days at sea the weather was fine, and time passed smoothly and pleasantly with the fifty saloon passengers on board. I saw a good deal of an Englishman, a member of the House of Commons, whom I expect to meet again in London.

About ten o'clock Saturday night, however, a gale overtook us. As I was not seasick, I remained on the bridge with the first officer until the early morning, when even the bridge became too sloppy for anyone but a sailor. Fortunately the wind was with us. We shipped one or two seas and the mail room was flooded. On Sunday while at lunch, a huge wave struck us and came rushing down the hatchways, and in the afternoon the smoking room was almost carried away, and I found myself up to my knees in water before I knew where I was.

When we arrived at Moville the tender made

several attempts to come alongside, before succeeding. The passengers and luggage were all ready to go ashore, but it was so rough that the gangway had to be closed up. The mails were then all carried on deck and thrown on to the paddle-wheel of the tender. I had determined to go ashore, if possible, and quietly had my luggage taken up on deck. I could not get it transferred without the captain's permission, but at last, bag and baggage, I found myself on the tender, having nearly lost my box of goods, but fortunately it fell against the leg of the man who was standing ready to catch it. I was the first off, and was followed by three other young fellows. About twenty cabin and fifty steerage passengers had to go on to Liverpool and return to Moville on the next steamer, on account of the stormy weather.

Our tender had its decks washed by rain and sea. The wind blew a gale and the rain fell in torrents. After going a short distance it was found that one of the paddle-wheels was broken and we immediately anchored. A yawl was sent off to get assistance from one of the other tugs, and after much discussion, and at three in the morning, very wet and cold, we got on to another boat, with the rain falling in torrents and the seas washing over us.

Our troubles were not over, however. The first sight that greeted my eyes as I stepped across from one tender to the other was what might be called a dime-novel scene. Two men were quarreling at the wheel. The blade of a knife glittered in the hands of one, as he was about to stab the other; they were both drunk. The vessel, left to herself, was heading

straight for the shore. Someone caught the man with the knife, threw him down, the helm was once more manned and we resumed our way. I asked if such scenes were customary and was told they were not infrequent. Drink was the cause. The skipper was far from sober by the time we reached Derry at four o'clock. We waited some time for the Custom House officers, but got through without much trouble; half-a-crown set the matter right.

I put up at Jury's Hotel, and left at five in the afternoon for Portrush. To-morrow I expect to visit the Giant's Causeway, then go back to Derry and get my luggage and push on to Omagh. I leave Dublin by boat, go round the south coast of England stopping at Falmouth, Plymouth, Southampton, then up the Thames to London. The boat goes at night and stops during the day, so that gives me an opportunity to see England's greatest naval and shipping stations.

Write to me to the London Hospital, where I hope to be in about three weeks. The Paris trip will have to be abandoned for the present.

I have with me a letter from the doctor of the *Polynesian*, who is a brother of Professor Reynolds, of Dublin, and to Dr. Wylie, master of the Rotunda.

Derry is most interesting, with its old wall around the city. The Boyne is a beautiful river, with sloping banks. The country looks like a garden, the land is so well cultivated.

STEPNEY GREEN,
LONDON, E.C., *Sept. 21st., 1878.*

DEAREST MOTHER:—

You want me to send a letter all to yourself. I suppose you will have passed a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year by the time you receive this letter. The cask of apples arrived safely, and was got in to the house with some difficulty as it was too large to come in the door, but by taking off two hoops we managed to take it in by the kitchen window. The apples were beautifully packed, and only about three dozen were spoiled. The rest have been all carefully dried and put away in boxes. Our friends appreciate them as much as we do. I have to thank father and you and all the rest who helped to send me this nice present. The large red apples are our favourites, though they disagree with Jones; neither of us are fond of pies and puddings, and have not, as yet, had any apple-pie made.

J. B. leaves to-night for Edinburgh; he expects to be there for Christmas. I went with him to Mr. Churchill's for tea; Annie knew them. Mrs. Churchill was a Miss Thompson, and she invited her three sisters over to meet us. We had some music, singing, and piano-playing, and a very nice little supper. We walked home with the Misses Thompson and went in to see their father, after which J. and I went to the Hotel where I remained all night.

On January 10th, Jones and I expect to go to a conversazione at Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson's house in Cavendish Square. He gives one every year and invites the students.

We are to dissect two brains, for which we gave 2s. 6d., in our rooms.

LONDON, *Sept. 26th, 1878*

DEAR MOTHER:—

I have arrived here in safety. The last letter that I wrote you was from Portrush, the evening before my visit to the famous Giant's Causeway. I went there the next morning with an English clergyman and his wife, and a doctor from near Manchester and his wife. We spent a very pleasant day. We saw Dunluce Castle, a very old ruin, which one of the ships of the Spanish Armada tried to take. The vessel, mistaking some perpendicular stones on the heights above the Causeway for the chimneys of the Castle, ventured too near and was wrecked. An organ that was on board is now preserved in the Dublin Museum. We went into Port Cool cave and saw the spot where Hugh Miller worked for the book he afterwards wrote, called "The Old Red Sandstone." I have some stones from the Causeway and some views of Belfast and Dublin. I returned, via Coleraine, to Derry with the Manchester doctor. He and his wife gave me a very pressing invitation to visit them for a week. I left quaint old Derry, with its walls and memorable river, for Omagh where I remained a day.

Uncle William's brother, who lives here, received me kindly. I had dinner and tea with him and was taken for a drive by his son. It is a pretty place, with a little stream running through the centre of the town. Mrs. Black was not at home. She is away with her daughter who is very ill.

I left Omagh for Belfast. There I called on a Mr. T. McErvil who lived, formerly, in Newmarket. He showed me everything of importance in the City. We visited some of the linen factories. At one of these they employ 2500 hands. I went through Queen's College and also through the shipyards where the White Star steamers are built: here they also employ about 2500 men. The noise of hammers and machinery was fearful. The docks are very fine.

When going to Belfast, I met a young man by the name of Francis Kirkpatrick, who has some relatives near Toronto. He is going to America next summer and should he call show him all the attention you can in return for his kindness to me. He induced me to go with him down to a watering-place called Holywood, which you will see is on the shores of Belfast Lough. He lodges here. The next morning I went down about twelve miles further to Clandeboye, where I took a jaunting car for Earl Dufferin's estates. I was shown through the greenhouses and the garden, had some grapes, and then the private secretary, Mr. Pattison, took me through the house. An unusual privilege, but his Lordship left word that if Canadians called an exception was to be made in their case. The house is very fine, the walls hung with trophies of his Lordship's rambles in other climes. He has specimens from Spitzbergen, the cannon from the yacht in which "Letters from High Latitudes" were written, Egyptian mummies, hieroglyphical writings, an old rope about 3000 years old bought by him in Palestine, swords of his ancestors, photographs, oil paintings, etc. The park

is beautiful and contains two little lakes with swans swimming upon the water. I saw three of the children. Lady Dufferin is in London. There is a private drive to the railway station that has been almost unused for four years. The library is large and valuable; billiard room well fitted up. He has already sent over some Canadian photographs. I sent you two papers containing opinions from the Irish press upon his life across the water.

At Dublin, I called upon Mr. Rutherford, and he very kindly took me out to his house on the shore of Kingstown Harbour. It is a beautiful place, looking straight out to the sea. We played a game of croquet, dined, and went in to Dublin in the evening to the theatre, a distance of about ten miles.

I was interested in visiting Trinity College, where Goldsmith and Tom Moore once studied. The museum contains "The Harp that once in Tara's Halls."

I left Dublin by the steamer *Avoca*, which called at Falmouth, Plymouth, Southampton, and Portsmouth. The shipping in these places filled me with wonder; vessels were unloading from all parts of the world. At Portsmouth, I went on board the old "Victory," the man-of-war on which Nelson was killed at Trafalgar, saw the spot where he fell, and went into the cockpit where he died. I have a piece of the old fore-top-sail that was used for the first time in that battle. It is riddled with bullets.

Going up the Thames to London gives one some idea of the immense size of the city. It seems to me very wonderful; Dublin cannot compare with it. The captain of the *Avoca* was a fine old fellow

and the four days' voyage I enjoyed immensely in spite of heavy gales for two nights, and pitching and rolling which kept all but three of us away from breakfast.

I intend to settle down at once to work, so address, London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, London, E.

Your affectionate son.

STEPNEY GREEN,
LONDON, *Oct. 10th, 1878.*

MY DEAR NELL:—

It is now your turn to have a letter. It is over five weeks since I heard from home, and since my last letter to mother I have left Norfolk Street, and Jones has joined me here. We are very comfortable with two good bed-rooms and a large well-furnished parlour. Before Jones joined me I felt desperately lonely, as I had nothing particular to do at the Hospital for a week before he came. However, it was a good chance to do some sight seeing, for which there is very little time. Except for two theatres, the Aquarium, and the Zoological Gardens, I have seen nothing of the countless interesting things that are so near me.

I called on Mr. Hudson and he asked me to dinner last Saturday. The family were particularly kind, and it seemed very good to me to see someone I knew. From Stepney Green to the Hudson's house is about three and a half miles. Young Hudson and I went to the Marble Rink and I tried to skate on roller skates. It is rather a strange sensation at first but one becomes accustomed to it. The rink is beautifully fitted up, the sides of the walls are hung with glass grapes illuminated, some blue, some green, others red, and here and there between the stalks is placed a statue.

Last week, I went out for a breath of fresh air to

Epping Forest. On Sunday I called on Mr. Rutherford's son, John, who is living in lodgings in St. Paul's Road, Highbury, in the north of London, near where J. B's. friends live. He is a very nice fellow, about my own age, and is coming to dine with Jones and myself at our lodgings tomorrow. Our bill-of-fare is to be :—fish, plaice ; followed by jugged hare, vegetables, and currant jelly.

I bought some books and a stethescope—the old-fashioned stethescopes have been entirely displaced by the new double-eared ones. I have a clinical clerkship to Dr. J. Hughlings-Jackson, who is the greatest living authority on nervous diseases.

I find that living here is rather expensive. My board bill, all told this week, has been £1 13s. 6d., about $8, but we expect to live for about $6 a week.

I do not, as yet, care much for the English people. They seem reserved, selfish, and particularly snobbish, but of course this is the East End of London, and the worst part of it, so it is hardly fair to pass judgment on morals and manners at present. The Irish are warm-hearted, and resemble Canadians in this respect. They still bear a bitter enmity toward the English.

Toronto is a perfect paradise on Sunday compared to London. There is a fearful amount of drinking always going on. Taverns are open on Sunday and filled with customers. Drunken men and very many drunken women, old and young, as well as drunken boys are to be seen on the streets; stores are open, bands playing, and the busses,

trams and railways are running. All the bars have girl waitresses and the saloons are gorgeously fitted out.

On my way here I have lost nothing since I left home, except an umbrella left in a compartment of the train on the way to Omagh. When I went to Belfast, I enquired for it without success.

Your affectionate brother.

STEPNEY GREEN, *Oct. 20th, Sunday.*

MY DEAR JACK:—

Dr. Allan Baines and Dr. Ralph Lesslie called on me last Friday. I was delighted to see them. Other Canadians here are, Britton, Ashby, McKeough, Winskill, Sheard, Gardener, and a man who is a German born but a Canadian by heart, Dr. Hartman. We stick together like brothers.

I was amused to hear of the governor's little trip down from Hamilton on the stone barge after the meeting of the Canadian Medical Association when the tracks were washed out.

This week I have been alone as Jones has been a resident dresser in the Hospital. He comes out again on Tuesday. It is awful to live alone in a strange place, to eat solitary meals, and when you sit down to smoke after supper to have no one to talk to, especially on Sunday with a fog so thick that you have to keep the windows closed to keep it out and cannot see across the street. Of all the places on earth I think none can be so bad as London, especially the East End. We never see a lady's face except the Sisters at the Hospital, who are very nice in their way but a little old maidish, and ladies' society I find I miss although I never thought I would. Something without whiskers to talk to. There is certainly a charm in a petticoat.

Last Tuesday, Jones and I visited the Tower of London. It is a grand old place, full of antiquity,

full of romance as if it had a novel imbedded in every stone. There is the Traitor's Gate, where often Royalty itself has left the last of royalty behind, where many an honest man and true has passed, as it were, from life and liberty to death and shame, where wives have wept and husbands groaned as the form of some loved one passed beneath its arch to be confined within the Tower walls for life. In olden times the waters of the Thames came in and here the barges of the watermen landed the prisoners for the Tower. But now the place is filled, a road has been completed and the stone steps can be seen, free of water, to the bottom. It was through this gate that Peveril came, of whom we have read "Peverill of the Peak," after his attempt to escape from his captors. In the armory of the Tower are ancient shields and coats of mail mingled with specimens of old weapons, such as spikes and blunder busses. They have here dummy riders and horses dressed as of old in armor. It appears that fabulous amounts were spent on armor, the perfection of the garment depending on the excellence of the workmanship and the amount of gold that was inlaid. There is a full size figure of Queen Elizabeth on horseback, superbly dressed, with a page in livery leading her snow white charger. You would almost think it real.

The chapel in which the prisoners attended divine service is said to be the finest specimen of Norman architecture in existence. Its age is scarcely known but it is supposed to date back to the time of the Norman Kings. A flight of stairs

leads to the chapel and beneath them the two young princes were supposed to have been buried after their brutal murder by their uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Sir Walter Raleigh's parlor, used during his confinement in the Tower, adjoins the room that was used as his bedroom, but the parlor does not look like a parlor nor the bedroom like a bedroom, they do not deserve to be dignified by the names. His sleeping apartment is a room built in a solid wall, fifteen feet thick, its dimensions being eight feet by ten, without a single notch to let in a ray of light. To see it, it is necessary to strike a match, so great is the darkness. In the room adjoining is the block on which Lady Jane Grey lost her pretty head. It is hollowed out in an accommodating way and made to fit, even a place is hollowed out for the point of the chin. Near by, on the wall, are two executioners' masks; could they speak they would tell an ugly tale. In loving proximity to the block and the axe is their foster sister, the scavenger's daughter, an instrument of torture. Here, too, are the thumb screws and a model showing how the instruments work, how they pull their prisoners limb from limb, in order to extort confessions. It was no wonder if a man confessed, under the circumstances, a crime of which he was really innocent. After his confession the conscience of the authorities seemed to be clear and they cut away his head. In a room below this were weapons of nearly all the nations of the world, from India, Japan, etc. They are very curious, but in the short time allowed for inspection they cannot be properly be seen. Beauchamp Tower is the

tower in which Peveril was incarcerated and a fire was burning in the grate just as it was when he first entered it, and I was reminded of Sir Walter Scott's description. Here, before this same grate, Peveril sat for many a weary day and supped with his cranky companion. On the wall he carved his family crest, three wheat sheaves.

Soldiers are quartered in the Tower. It has filled many roles, once a palace, then a prison, and now an armory. In the main armory the rifles, ram rods and bayonets are tastefully put together to represent various designs. That of the top of the Prince of Wales' wedding cake is the finest. It is suspended from the ceiling and is composed of nothing but ram rods, swords and bayonets, and weighs about 400 lbs. The equipment for more troops than England could raise are deposited here. The rifles that are now "regulation" are the Martini Henri.

On Sunday, we visited Victoria Park; it is small but pretty. There are beautiful beds of flowers, a small lake studded with boats and ducks and swans and there are some beautiful walks about the Park.

I saw "Pink Dominoes" played at the Criterion on Thursday night, and did not enjoy it much.

We get up at 7.30 and breakfast at 8, work an hour from 8.30 to 9.30; from 10 to 12 we spend our time in the Hospital taking histories and examining patients; from 12.30 until 1 o'clock I do a little work before lunching. At 2 o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays we go around with our physicians, Jones being under Dr. Sutton and I under Dr. Hughlings-Jackson. At 2 on Tuesdays and

Fridays we either read at home or attend the out patient department. On Wednesday at 9 we attend skin disease clinic, and at 2 operations in surgery. At 3.30 on Tuesdays and Fridays I assist Mr. McCarthy, one of the pathologists, to make post-mortem examinations, and on Mondays and Thursdays at the same hour I attend to see Dr. Sutton, another of the pathologists making them. We take either Saturday afternoon or evening for recreation which is much needed in this dirty, foggy place. Every other day until 6, after Hospital work is over, we either take a walk or read up something special and then dine at 6. From 7 until 11 or 11.30 we read for our next grind. Sunday is generally letter writing day.

I notice that the Exhibition is over. Do not put anything more than M.B. on my letters. We feel small here and it looks uppish. Our M.C.P.S. is looked down upon.

Your affectionate brother, Jim.

N.B.--Ask J. B. to bring over my skates and straps. Victoria Park is close at hand and it often happens that there is skating on a pond there. This is healthy recreation and I might enjoy it.

Nov. 6th, 1878.

Dear Father;—

I received a letter from home to-day and am sorry that you are all in such a stew about my not receiving letters. When one is lonely, unsettled, and in a strange place news from home is more important than when one is busy with study and comfortably settled, as I am at present. We do not trouble so much about letters now because we know that they are on the road and will arrive in due time.

Regarding examinations my intention is to say nothing until they are over, considering this is the best course to pursue. If I am ploughed it is not necessary for anyone to know it until I tell it myself. One of our Canadians was ploughed to-day at his M.R.C.S. examination. He tried to take too much, the primary and the final together. I am having private grinds with Curnow, of King's College. This cost five guineas. Study is the word for the present. We have no time for anything else. After we get our degrees we may take things more leisurely.

Yesterday was Guy Fawke's Day. Men carry around figures dressed in a peculiar fashion, collecting halfpence from the bystanders. The day is, as it were, a mixture of our Twenty-fourth of May and Hallowe'en. On Saturday the Show marches over London Bridge for the first time, it being Lord Mayor's Day.

We went to the Hudson's last Sunday week; they want us to go again next Sunday. Allan Baines sent me an invitation to dine with him to-morrow evening at his boarding-house near St. Thomas's Hospital, about four miles from here. This is only a short distance when one goes by steam above or below ground. We are beginning to know London fairly well.

Should the opportunity arise, in the event of war, I would certainly take a Red Cross Staff appointment if I could obtain it. I called at the War Office, but was informed that no civilians were to be sent out. It is just as well to say nothing to Mother about this. It is but a vague improbability at present and I must have something to gain before I will leave London.

I expect to see Malcolm on his return from Paris on Saturday, and he may take home some things for me. They will be trivial but will possess, doubtless, an interest as coming from London. I have kept a scrap album of the places I saw while in Ireland. I intend to gather some views of London as well. They will be interesting to look at in the future.

Your affectionate son.

Nov. 19th, 1878.

DEAR FATHER:—

In February I have a dressership for three months, and resume medical work again in April. At present Jones and I are thinking of going to Edinburgh, and then to Paris, when Jones will leave for home and I go on to Vienna. If we had some of our old professors here or some of the members of the medical council, we might use strong language towards them for the sad way in which they neglect the education of the medical student in Canada. Just think of men licensed to practice, unable to amputate a finger or dress a toe, never having performed any operations on the cadaver, having had no education in the use of the microscope. The clinical material at the Toronto General Hospital is large, but the teaching at the bedside is utterly nil. We are much disgusted with our Canadian medical schools. We find ourselves deplorably ignorant when we get here. The stethescopes we used have long since been discarded here. They were good enough in their day but we should have been taught to use the best. The binaural is now universally used here. With this the sounds are rung out with almost twice the intensity, as both ears are closed at the same time. It takes a little time to become accustomed to the instrument, but soon a very small portion of crepitant lung can be detected and the student can listen to his own heart and lungs and then practise on himself.

It seems as if the College of Physicians says to the student, "Pay me your fees and I will put you through." "Your fees are what we want to buy a new building." They seem afraid to pluck anyone. All papers handed in in the written examinations are excellent and better than ever before. Over here they pluck half of the students and think nothing of it. They will not let a man through who is poorly up in his work. The anatomy pass does not mean a minimum knowledge of anatomy, but rather a maximum. The student has to pass the ordeal of a lengthy oral examination that is divided between two tables at each end of which there are two examiners. This means that a student must know his subject thoroughly. In obstetrics the examination is practical. For the oral in surgery one may be asked to amputate a finger or tie a vessel. ——— and ——— are fighting for their schools, and unless the schools do more they should have nothing to say in the matter. The standard should be raised. Men who have a patriotic interest in medical education and in the lives of their fellow-countrymen should push this matter on. With your new building you could easily have vats in the basement, for the preservation of dissected specimens; and offers might be made to induce students to dissect parts for examinations as they do here.

I am satisfied that the young men throughout the country would support such forward movements in the march of progress, and would return candidates to the Council imbued with modern ideas. You are not connected with either school

and should be able to move in the matter. If you talk the matter over with Campbell, Clark, Macdonald, Alison and Hyde you will be able to bring about a revolution.

Examinations should be held twice a year, the oral should extend over two or three evenings, and the students should be treated more as men than as boys. Here they serve coffee and cake and give a little attention to the men during their long wait for a turn at the orals. If this was done in Toronto, you would have no more rotten-egging. Even if a man is plucked here he respects his examiners. All the men who passed during my time are determined to put into the council members who will make the necessary reforms. When regulations are made they should be adhered to. When the degree of M.C.P.S. is presented here by the students those to whom they apply say, "We do not want that, it is not worth the paper on which it is printed. We want your University degree."

I was going to send you a copy of Smiff's "Comical History of England," but find it is out of print. It's well worth reading. On Sunday I ached with laughter over it.

Tell Mother I have discarded spirits of all kinds and have been drinking a great deal of tea as the water is bad. Too much tea did not seem to be any improvement, so now we have cocoa or coffee for breakfast and tea for dinner. Smoking is only indulged in on special occasions, and on Sundays.

The agricultural laborers of Kent and Essex are what they call "shut out." Having been received by their confederate labourers' union in London and

provided with beds last night they paraded the streets to-day, several thousand of them, all steady, sober-looking men. Their mottoes were "We must grow the corn but not eat the bread." "We must plant the hops but not drink the beer." Others carried boxes for receiving donations to aid them.

Your affectionate son.

Dec. 11th, 1878.

Dear Father:—

I received the enclosed matriculation certificate. I intended to go up for the M.R.C.S., and Jones was almost induced to do the same, but as our Hospital tickets were deficient, we found there would be difficulty. On making enquiries we determined that L.R.C.P. was more advantageous, representing greater practical general knowledge. If you can manage it, I hope you will let me go to Paris and Vienna. I will do the studying if you supply the necessary funds, and I hope then to be able to succeed on my return home. Such an education is necessary now-a-days when our medical schools are manufacturing men by the scores. The men who have succeeded of late are those who have been either to France, Germany, or Austria, after having been here. Ryerson is now in Vienna. Rolph Lesslie has been there. Jones and I are trying to avail ourselves of the inexhaustible store of pathological material that the post mortem rooms afford.

This morning at 8.45 we had breakfast by lamplight and now are studying by the same. Fog! Fog! Fog! From J. B. I received the skates, etc. He intends to take back with him a Gordon setter given to him by some Nottingham friend.

I wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New

Year. Jones and I grumble a great deal if any one comes in to interrupt our evening studies.

We took a run up to North London to see the cattle show. It seemed rather tame, and the agricultural implements certainly looked very clumsy.

Your affectionate son.

Feb. 9th, 1879.

Dear Father:—

The birds have already made their appearance. Everything seems to betoken Spring. The sun shines dimly through the smoky London air, the mist rises from the wet pavements, the air smells very fresh, and is somewhat of a treat after the miserable atmosphere we have breathed in this winter. Last week there was skating and to-day there was the first breath of Spring.

By a little manoeuvring I managed to obtain a dressership under Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, under whom I have been already three weeks. Being acquainted with the House Surgeon, I asked him to do me a favor. One of the dressers had been dismissed for incompetency and I came on to fill his place for three weeks. Mr. Hutchinson was asked if he had any objection to taking me on as senior dresser during the next three months, and he said "No." The principal of the school was sick at the time and I came on without consulting him. When he heard of it he tried to place me under another surgeon in the new list of dressers that come out on the 1st of February, but he dare not do this in the face of Mr. Hutchinson's request. There is a new arrangement by which we serve under two surgeons. I am also placed under Mr. Cooper. The Canadians are always put under either Mr. Maunder or Rivington. In this way the senior surgeons are kept for the students of the

London school. I feel that I am under the best surgeon in the world. I attend his surgical class at his own residence in Cavendish Square. There are thirteen of us in all, and seven of the thirteen are foreigners. I find the experience received in the Toronto Hospital, before leaving, of great value.

The programme is as follows: Monday, Thursday and Saturday, surgery lectures at 9. On Wednesday at 9, we attend the skin department. On Friday at 9, lectures on special pathology. The morning is then spent, from 10 to 12.30, dressing wounds, taking histories, etc. On Monday and Thursday from 2 to 5, we follow Mr. Hutchinson through the wards, and on Wednesday and Saturday follow Mr. Cooper. On Friday and Saturday at 2, surgical operations in the theatre. I intend to go on Tuesday at 1.30 to the Blackfriar's Skin Hospital with Mr. Warren Tay. On Wednesday evening from 8 to 10 Mr. Hutchinson has his surgical class. We feel tired when Sunday comes, having no time to read the papers or look about. Last Sunday, I went to Mr. Hutchinson, and on Sunday before to Mr. Churchill's in Highbury Park. On Friday evening, I have been invited to Mr. Thompson's, Highbury Crescent, to a private theatrical entertainment, after which there will be a dance. I sent them a hamper of our Canadian apples and received in return a kind note.

The skates have been very useful. We skate at a place called Hendon. It is a bright spot about six miles from here and looks quite country like. Hundreds of people were there. There are dozens

of summer houses, and the place is owned by the proprietor of a nice country hotel called "The Welsh Harp." On the way back, while waiting for the train in the station, the Flying Scotchman shot past in an instant. I never witnessed such a frightful speed before. It was really awful; all you could hear was a rumbling and all you could see was something dark for an instant, They say that this is the second fastest train in the world.

The times here are very dreadful. Men come round singing "We want to work, and we are willing to work, but we have got no work to do."

London, *March 9th, 1879.*

Dear Mother: —

I have not had much time to write of late. You seem to think that examinations are all one comes here for. Some men do this; they come for the examinations and go right back. But I consider the examinations of the least importance. Jones has just passed his examination, and does not know what to do with himself. He is like a fish out of water. He is going to wait until the 1st May until I finish my dressership; then we intend to go to Vienna together. I am very sick of dirty London, and feel like one cooped up in a prison where the blue sky and bright sun are never seen. One might as well live in Arctic darkness as to put in a winter here.

On Saturday last, I went about eight miles into the country to get outside of the fog for a breath of pure air. Out of town it was a beautiful spring day. The sun was warm, the birds were singing, and the men were ploughing the fields. It was more like June at home than March.

My sight-seeing is rather mixed—St. Paul's and a wild-beast-dealer stand to my credit lately. Jamrack, the dealer, quite a celebrated man in his way, runs his business in the Ratcliffe Highway, one of the roughest places in the world. Walter Scott speaks of it, I think, in the "Fortunes of Nigel." There we saw birds, squirrels, black panthers, leopards, monkeys, kangaroos, eland deer,

Corsican goats, Iceland cattle, Angora cats, ichnumens, eagles, vultures, pumas, Shetland ponies, civet cats, owls, etc., etc. The animals are housed in a dirty tumble down stable. There are also thousands of Australian birds and Virginia nightingales, and one fine kangaroo that is as tame and quiet as a lamb, and very affectionate. Jamrack will sell you a kangaroo for £6. He offered me a grey parrot for £1. The grey parrots are the best to talk. They learn in about three months if you get them young. This dealer supplies the Zoological Gardens and menageries of Europe with animals; there is another man who deals in the same class of goods in New York, and these are the only two in this business in the world.

I have been through the docks—a wonderful sight. The shipping is tremendous. Here you see thousands of barrels of brandy, some from France and some from Spain, lying about in apparent confusion. Pyramids of petroleum in barrels from fifty to seventy-five feet high. Everywhere bustle and noise and apparently endless confusion, at least so it seems to the uninitiated. The amount of business done must be enormous.

Jones and I went down to Windsor last week, and saw as much as possible in such a hurried visit. We went by the Great Western, fare 2s. 4d. (I know you like these details). We saw the State Apartments, which include St. George's Hall, the Round Tower, the Waterloo Chamber, where State banquets are held, and many other magnificent rooms, lined with beautiful pictures, and filled with rare or, at any rate, interesting objects, including

King Coffee's State umbrella, which Jones and I were much taken with. We had only time for a bird's eye view of St. George's Chapel. The stalls of the Knights of the Garter are on either side of the chancel, with their banners suspended above, some so old they looked like lace. We "did" the Long Walk and then back to Londan.

Last night I sat up, with seven others, to press the femoral artery for a femora-popliteal aneurism. I am reporting Mr. Hutchinson's clinic on leprosy for our Canadian Journal, and will send it to Zimmerman after Mr. Hutchinson has revised it.

Jones has almost decided not to go to the Continent. I expect to be in London when J. B. arrives.

LONDON, *April 22nd, 1879.*

DEAREST FATHER:—

I have seen Mr. William Campbell and received the parcels you kindly sent over. The dry corn has proved a valuable addition to our cooking department. I took dinner with Mr. Campbell at Simpson's Restaurant in the Strand, and we then went to the Opera Comique to hear "Pinafore," after which we went to the Gaiety Buffet and had a long chat.

The great Oxford and Cambridge boat race is over, and I witnessed it for the first and perhaps the last time. I was invited to accompany the Thompson's and some of their friends and found it necessary to be at their house, Highbury Crescent at eight o'clock in the morning of the day of the race. The usual London mist covered everything, and the hearts of the people beat low in proportion as the prospects of a fine day were poor. There were eleven of us in all, well provided with waterproofs to protect us from the drizzling rain. We set out in a waggonette, behind a fine pair of horses, for the southwest of London, Hammersmith. Thousands of people, of every size, nationality and creed, thronged the highway, and we passed the inevitable negro minstrels, the fat woman show, etc., arranged along the highway. It seemed as if Whitechapel was out for a holiday. The clouds gradually disappeared, the wind came up, and the sun came out. Our driver secured a good place for the carriage, and we had a splendid view of the river just on

this side of Barnes bridge. Even at that early hour the banks of the river from Hammersmith to Barnes bridge were filled with two rows of waggons and carriages, some of which had been standing there all night They were charging ten shillings a head for a stand in these waggons. Platforms were erected on some of the houses for the use of visitors at a guinea a head. The gypsies were out in all their glory telling the fortunes of those who were anxious to spend a little money. There were plenty of beggars about. The travelling German band was in evidence, and played music out of time and tune. At last we heard the shout of "Here they come." The people became frenzied with excitement. Opposite us Cambridge was about four lengths ahead, pulling a long sweeping stroke, slow but sure, while Oxford pulled a short, quick and splashy stroke. After the boats came the Oxford and Cambridge steamers, then the Press boats, and after these innumerable little steam yachts and smaller craft. Immediately the gun was fired, up went the flags on Barnes bridge, light blue above and dark blue below. Both crews passed up the river again on the Cambridge steamer after having dressed. If Cambridge wins the race next year the two universities will be even again.

We drove through Richmond Park, and had a champagne lunch on the grass. After this we visited the Star and Garter, and drove home through Hyde Park to Mr. Betjeman's, where a champagne supper was provided for us. Thus ended a day I will always remember. They have invited me to go thirty miles into the country

during Easter week. They go every year to "Holmwood," Dorking, Surrey.

I went down on Easter Monday by the 8 p.m. train from London Bridge, and returned with the rest of the party on Wednesday evening. The country at "Holmwood" is beautiful. On Monday we visited Leithill, but when we arrived there a heavy snowstorm came on that obscured everything. Tuesday was a fine day and we walked to Dorking. We saw Sir Percy Heath's country place, also the country seat of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and that of Coleman, the mustard man.

The trees are beginning to bud out.

Ross Strasse,
Leipzig, *May 24th, 1879*

Dearest Father and Mother:—

I was sorry I could not wait in London to meet J. B., but as I had packed up and taken my ticket for Cologne, I could not put off going. He must have arrived four or five days after I left. Mr. Hutchinson advised me to come to Leipzig and work in Professor Ludwig's laboratory at the microscope, doing histological work, as this can be done without a knowledge of German, and one can then learn German before going to Vienna to finish.

I hope to take up especially diseases of women. Mr. Hutchinson gave me a splendid testimonial. It reads as follows:—

15 Cavendish Square, West,
May 16th, 1879.

I have much pleasure in stating that Dr. —— has very diligently attended the practice at the London Hospital during a period of eight months, and that I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing his zeal in the acquisition of knowledge. I consider Dr. —— a well-trained surgeon, and can confidently recommend him as well qualified for any public medical appointment."

(Signed) Jonathan Hutchinson,
Senior Surgeon to the London Hospital.

He was very nice with me and said he hoped to hear from me what I had seen when I returned from the Continent.

Jones and I went to see the Hanlan race and I suppose you have read the account of it in the Newcastle Chronicle I sent you. Before leaving London, I dined with Mr. Betjeman, and he invited several friends to meet me. In the evening I went to Mr. Thompson's to say good-bye. I was heartily glad to leave that sun-forsaken place, London; I felt like a tropical plant in a cellar. When I return to pass my examination I do not intend to remain any longer than I need to.

They charge enough for extra baggage here; I paid seven franks from Antwerp to Cologne and from Cologne to Leipzig, 11½ marks, and I only had six pieces. The trip from London to Antwerp by steamer was delightful, the water was as smooth as a mill-pond and such as Mother would enjoy. We were all night on the boat and arrived at Antwerp, which is on the River Scheld, at 7.50 in the morning. I spoke what German I could and managed to make myself understood, although in Belgium they speak a mongrel language, a mixture of French and German. When I said that I was a doctor, the Custom House officer passed my baggage without any trouble. Students are treated with great respect here; they are privileged characters, and cannot be arrested. All the police can do is to demand their University student cards. This card is then presented to the principal of the University by whom the student is reprimanded or punished.

At Cologne my baggage passed the Customs easily. I only had time for a flying visit to the Cathedral, which has been under way for five hundred years (the foundation stone was laid in 1248), and is not completed. It is simply enormous, and inside is a forest of massive pillars. You could put St. James Cathedral three times into it, minus the spire, of course. The Cathedral holds easily 30,000 people, which gives you some idea of its vastness. At Cologne is the home of Johann Marie Farine; I felt bound to buy a bottle of his celebrated eau de Cologne.

I left Cologne at eight o'clock Thursday morning by a through train to Leipzig, via Dusseldorf, Hanover, and Magdeburg and Halle. The country from Magdeburg is flat and looks like a vast prairie, where one can see for miles; the fields are green and beautiful with their waving grain; no fences or hedges separate them from the roads, which have fruit trees planted along the sides. In fact they are the only trees to be seen and, although the land is well cultivated, few farm houses are to be noticed, as apparently each farmer has a great deal of land.

In the towns one sees innumerable soldiers; each man has to serve from one to three years, according to his circumstances, and whether rich or poor, they must live in barracks during that time. After their term of service has expired soldiers are given Government situations, and when their usefulness is past, they are put on the pension list. The Government controls the cab system as well as the railroads, practically everything is in its grasp, but

notwithstanding this, the people seem to be contented. None seem very rich, but none, or very few, are poor, and none are ignorant. The smallest boys can talk to you about statuary or paintings with the air of a critic, or quote latin by the yard, and are well-up in the works of Shakespeare, Tennyson and Milton.

The people throughly enjoy life. On Sunday they go to church in the morning, and in the afternoon attend the horse races, and in the evening the opera. The parson and his parishioners may be seen drinking their lager together over a little game of skittles after church. They are certainly not a vicious people, are never, or very seldom intoxicated, and have very polite and courteous manners. The German beer is not like our Canadian lager, but of much better flavor and milder; it seems to have no more effect than the same quantity of water would. It is very cheap, costing but little over a cent for a large glass.

I went to the Russian Hotel here, or as it is called the "Gasthof von Russe," the oldest in the place. It is most comfortable, The Hotel Hauffe is the fashionable hotel. I met a young fellow here who had been to New York, and returned to Germany. As he could speak English, I got him to go with me to see the parks and the city in general, before I settled down to work. Yesterday morning, I went to Professor Ludwig's at the Physiological Laboratory. He could not speak English but introduced me to Dr. Gaule, who has charge of the microscopical department, and who speaks a little English, but very indifferently. I have taken a

course with him until the first week in August, for which I pay 24 marks or $5.75, obtaining three lessons a week with the privilege of working by myself each morning. S—— went to Dr. K—— and paid him $2.50 a lesson, so that there can be no doubt but that the Continent is the place for economical study. Instead of a man sending his son to a boarding school in Canada, at $200 a year for five or six years, he would be able to pay his expenses to Germany and back, and then educate and board him for, if anything, less money, at any rate, not more than the fees of such a school as Upper Canada College amount to. I do not, of course, refer to our Government schools.

Professor Gaule introduced me to an American from Columbus, Ohio, and to a man from Cambridge. The latter took me to his boarding house to ask about terms, but the landlady asked more for her rooms than I cared to pay and wanted me to take pension, that is, to have all my meals in the house, in one room, for which I was to pay $24 a month. I do not, however, care to take pension, as I find it more pleasant and amusing to dine at a restaurant, where I hear German spoken, and pick up a little of the language in that way. After going to several lodging houses, I came to the one I now occupy. I have a nice sitting room, well furnished, with the usual Prussian stove reaching to the ceiling, and a snug little bedroom adjoining. For this I pay $7 a month, or ten thalers. Jones and I paid 36s. a month, or about nine dollars ($9) each in London. I buy meal tickets at the restaurant in the New Theatre for

one mark a piece. Behind this restaurant is a beautifully laid out public garden with a small pond and a fountain. Here the band plays and one can sit outside in fine weather and eat one's meals, followed by a good cigar which costs "tuppence."

Now then to recapitulate—rooms, 30 marks; dinners, 30 marks; breakfasts, 15 marks; suppers, 15 marks; 90 marks in all. Thus for light, food, lodging, in a delightful place where one can learn a foreign tongue, and get a good education, the total cost is not more than 105 marks, or $25 a month, while in London it cost me from $30 to $32. I can obtain a German teacher for about a shilling a lesson, lasting an hour. Thirty lessons should be enough. In three months one ought to be able to speak German fairly well.

I intend to remain here until the end of August and then go on to Vienna. I am very anxious to go to France and learn the language there. I have my German lessons from 8 to 9 on Monday and Thursday mornings, and 9 to 10 Tuesday and Friday mornings, and I find that I pay a little more than I expected, and that is 1s. 6d, an hour. This afternoon at 5 o'clock I go to the University to obtain my student card, or "Erlaubtschein," upon presentation of my diploma. German students always carry this card with them to protect them in case of an attempted arrest. Each University has its own prison attached. I saw several students incarcerated. I have also to get a permit from the police to allow me to stay in the place.

I met an American from Masschusetts who is studying zoology, and we called on the American Church minister who seems to be a very nice fellow. To-morrow we go to the American chapel to service at five o'clock. My student card admits me to the theatre at half-price, and for fifteen cents I can get a good parquette seat at the opera. This is a wonderful place for music. People come here from all parts to study. Sunday night is the fashionable night at the opera house, when the best pieces are put on. I find the theatre a good place to study the language; one can get a book and go to a comedy and follow the dialogue, and in this way pick up a great many words.

Yesterday I went with Mr. Hill, a fellow of Cambridge, to dine with some of the German medical students. They are very polite and talk a great deal, and at the same time eat with marvellous rapidity. They eat fish with their knives. The drinking customs are also peculiar. One man drinks another's health and says "Ich kom ihn vor," and the other says "Prosit," but does not drink. After a while the second one returns the compliment saying "Ich kom ihn auf." After dinner we had a game of skittles or bowls. When the pins are to be put up they say "auf," when to be left lying "lehen lassen." So you see this is the way one picks up the language. I intend to dine with the students as often as I can.

Ross Strasse,
Leipzig, *June 12th, 1879.*

Dearest Father :—

The climate here is delightful, the air is so fresh and pure.

I had a row the other day in a miserable tub, a German boat, on a brooklet that they call a river, and wish that I was at home where I could take a row on our beautiful bay in a decent boat.

I did not go up for my examination in London, as I wish to keep it ahead of me, as something to stimulate one to work, especially in the hot months of the summer when but few do work. I was very tired of London, and did not wish to stay there from the time I finished until July, the date of the next examination. The German summer session is well worth attending. Mr. Hutchinson, when I told him I had been advised to go to Heidelberg, said he would advise me to go to Leipzig. I am more than pleased that I took his advice. Leipzig is not a large place, only about 20,000 people. It is situated in the midst of a remarkably flat country, all beautifully cultivated. The buildings are built of brick that is plastered over with a kind of soft stone on the outside. This gives them a very pretty and unique appearance. The new opera house is half as large again as Mrs. Morrison's. All students are admitted to the parquette, which in London costs 3s., for less than a shilling

here, or about 20 cents. The German people believe that the theatre is a part of one's education, and on this account the prices are lowered for students.

Last week we had holidays and the Institute was closed. I went to one of the outdoor Sunday concerts in the Rosenthal. The concert is from 5 to 8 in the morning. Early enough is it not? The Rosenthal is a beautiful wood with lovely walks, and here and there beer gardens where bands of music play on certain occasions. The band played parts from Mendelssohn, Wagner, Mozart, Strauss, etc. Mendelssohn lived here, and this was the birthplace of Wagner. I enjoyed my breakfast very much owing to the surroundings. The hour was early and yet there were thousands gathered in different gardens for their Sunday morning meal. Church commencing at 8.30, the concerts must be over before that time. Most of the people then went and sat in church from 8.30 to 11.30.

During the other days of the week after 2 o'clock dinner we strolled off in different directions. One afternoon we had a long row on the river through a beautiful forest. Here the cuckoo was in evidence as well as the nightingale, and now and then the vicious hum of the mosquito was to be heard.

I intend to do some hospital work although the big guns leave the chairs and give way to the youngsters. Gaule has been very attentive to me.

Every evening from 7 to 9 I read Shakespeare with a German student who knows very little

English, and thus we help one another. Every Wednesday evening Dr. Gaule lectures on the functions of cells from 6 to 7. I go to the lecture but can understand very little of it as yet.

On the 11th of June, the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Prussia was celebrated by the students of Leipzig University by a "commers." The meeting took place in a superb hall in the Schutzenhaus, where all sat smoking and drinking beer, and listening to speeches from various professors, and music from a splendid orchestra. Each "Verbindung," or "club" (modern fraternity), of students had its own table decorated with its own colors. The members of the club wore little silk hats with their own colors. Some of them had dark blue with white, others light blue and a blue cap, others red and black, others red and a red cap, and so on. These clubs go to their places accompanied by the two head men, namely those who are most popular, who are appointed to keep order. They wore over their right shoulder across the chest, to the left loin, a large sash with their colors, and to this sash is hung a sword or schlager. It is with this schlager that the students' duels are fought. The two head men sit one at each end of a long table, their swords are unsheathed and laid flat. Order is called by the chairman by a slap of the sword on the table, after which the students all rise, and all the head men slap the table. This makes an awful noise, and it may be pleasant to Germans, but it can scarcely be pleasant to others. This performance is gone through at the end of each verse and every song.

Seven songs were sung, thirty-six verses in all. I enclose the ticket to the "commers," and also the programme of a grand swimming exhibition, carried out by one conceited man and three boys. There were four other men who tried to make fools of themselves as bad clowns; perhaps they succeeded better than they imagined. They certainly were failures as clowns. The swimming baths are good.

The weather has been rainy for some days back but nice and cool. I had an opportunity the other day of going through the theatre with some of the students. We went from the garret to the cellar. It is very large and well arranged. We saw them painting the scenery, mending clothes, fixing the trap doors, and getting all in readiness for Wagner's new opera "Rheingold."

Three other fellows have arrived from Cambridge. Two of them cannot speak any German; but they were advised by Dr. Michael Foster, Professor of Physiology, to come here to Professor Ludwig's Laboratory.

Last night I heard from the medical student with whom I read Shakespeare, rather a romantic story of his uncle who has just arrived from Calcutta. He was the captain of his own steamer bound from Pekin to Calcutta. He had shipped a crew consisting of Chinese, Germans, and Malays. When out to sea for some time the crew mutinied but he got no wind of it. Suddenly, one night, he was roused by the noise of a scuffle on deck, and hastily rising he saw a man pitched overboard from the forward part of the ship. This turned out to

be the look-out man. The captain advanced with revolver to the forward hatches from the forecastle, when suddenly the crew came pouring up and brandishing those curved swords they use. They advanced and intended to stab him and throw him overboard, as they had done with the other man. He immediately shot the leader through the forehead. They then rushed at him, when he was stabbed through the ribs and his lungs perforated. The blood gushed out but as he was a plucky fellow he leaned back against the cabin, which he had reached, and shot two others of his assailants, killing them both on the spot. This so frightened the rest that they retired and lowered one of the boats to get away. In the hurry it capsized and all were thrown into the water. With the assistance of one man who had been ill, and had not known of the mutiny and the first mate, two were saved and promised to obey orders. When the captain returned to his cabin he was greeted by a cloud of smoke, the ship was on fire. By threatening the two sulky dogs he had just saved, he managed to get them to work, aud with the sick boatswain and the mate, who had been terribly cut about the face and left arm, the captain, weak as he was from loss of blood, provisioned a boat, launched it, and revolver in hand, fearing treachery, he ordered them to lower the boatswain, then the mate, and he himself got in and was followed by the two seamen. He was now so weak that he could hardly hold his head up, and if they had not had the revolver on their side, doubtless the three sick men would have gone overboard to lighten the boat.

They had not left the burning vessel any too soon for they soon beheld the flames curling up around the mast, and the fire burst from all parts of the ship. After ten days of great suffering they reached Calcutta where the captain lay ill for four months. His brother, the father of my student friend, and other relatives thought him dead, and the other day he surprised them by walking in alive and well.

We often read of these things but do not very often hear of them in reality. This is the second time he has been mourned, having been frozen in the ice for eighty days off Kamtschatka.

I am now growing a beard. It has progressed for nearly two weeks and is about half an inch long. I have not the remotest idea how it will look.

LEIPZIG, *July 1st, 1879.*

DEAR FATHER:—

I was delighted as I entered my room this evening to see lying on my table letters, which at a glance showed me that you knew where I am. The language of the German bowling alley is somewhat peculiar. When a good shot is made they cry out "FF," or "use," the word "famose." When they want the "Kegeln," or pins raised they say "auf," when not "legen lassen," or let them lie. The balls are called "kugeln," the alley is known as "kegelbahn." When one strikes the forward pin and leaves two on each side it is called a "kock," or "kockstuhle." They only play with one alley, and it is, therefore, rather tame.

Regarding the baths here, they are very nice. The best is called the "Sophien Bad." I go every Saturday. They have a room with a "waschzimmer," or washroom in which are placed sprays that play in different directions, and as you go from one to the other they become gradually colder. Each bather is supplied with trunks and a towel, and the charge is 45 pfg. or ten cents. The unpleasant part about it is that some people do not bathe very frequently, and occasionally one sees someone who does not look any too clean about the feet.

Dr. —— had a very narrow escape from drowning, and he certainly owes a debt of gratitude to

our boys, J. R. and J. B., for rescuing him in the lake.

The Prussian army surprises me. Every man here must be a soldier, and the standing army at constant drill is from 300,000 to 400,000 strong. The paper army consists of 1,500,000 well trained men.

I expect to buy one or two new lenses here for the microscope. The best maker is considered to be Hartnack. We are making microscopic examinations of normal tissues taken from cats, dogs, etc.

My birthday will soon be here, and I will then be twenty-two. Do not bother about sending any presents. I might accept a pair of new slippers because the old ones are worn out at the toes, but it is easy enough for me to buy slippers here, and I am sure I have received presents enough during the last ten months to do for a hundred birthdays.

The dogs are not treated as pets here, but work hard for their living, drawing the little waggons of the milkmen and washerwomen about to their customers.

I was surprised to find by your letter that the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons are again making new laws and repealing old ones, and that they are again returning to the old primary and final examinations.

Last evening, when eating my supper in a restaurant garden, a poor little girl about four years old, very badly clad, passed around from one to the other trying to sell some matches. When she came to our table one of my German friends uttered the usual impatient "nay, nay," but the other one,

with a better heart, called her back and purchased several boxes. Her face was pretty, though sad. She smiled her "thank you," and walked gracefully away. Just then the head waiter, who does nothing over here except imagine himself somebody, lectured the waiter nearest to the gate for giving her admittance. The kind hearted fellow had let her in hoping that she would get out again before the superior appeared. The intelligent child soon saw what had happened and hastily beat her retreat. Just then a miserable, ugly German Jew came to our table to pester us about his wares. He was left unmolested, but the child was chased away. We see some very strange sights in our wanderings.

Your affectionate son.

Ross Strasse,
Leipzig, *July 17th, 1879.*

Dear Annie:—

I took a cold here and my Hausfrau insisted that I should take a bottle of the old maid's German remedy "hustenicht."

The beds are peculiarly made up. They give you an eiderdown quilt, that is invested in clean sheets slipped over it. After being under this for about two hours one becomes very warm and perspires freely. The heat is intolerable, and at last the quilt is thrown off, and there are no bed clothes left, or the eiderdown may become kicked off during the sleep. A person thus takes cold very readily. I made them give me a lighter quilt and now sleep much more comfortably.

The weather has been very peculiar, raining a good deal, and I was going to say snowing. It is scarcely snow but very near it. For two days I had to wear my overcoat to be comfortable. Just think of it, in the month of July. The fruit, I expect, will suffer as a consequence. Cherries are plentiful and cheap, 6 cents a quart. One can get either black or white. They are better than ordinary Canadian cherries, but not nearly as good as our English black and white hearts.

An English friend from Cambridge, Mr. Heathcote, who is here studying music, started out for a walk with me to see the monuments erected to

commemorate the great battle of Leipzig fought in 1812. The three allies were fighting for the freedom of Europe against Napoleon the Great. Napoleon, with his shattered army, returning from his Russian campaign, harrassed on all sides by the allies in front, and the Russians behind, at last gathered together all his forces to make a stand and meet the enemies boldly. This was done near Leipzig; the battle was very fierce, and lasted for three days when the Emperor was compelled to retreat with the wreck of what had been a grand army. This decided his fate, and he was shortly after taken prisoner and sent to Elba. The first monument is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Leipzig upon a little knoll of ground commanding a view of plains that stretch to the southeast. It is of gray stone, unpolished, and surmounted by models in iron of a hat, a sword, and of some other accoutrements. It bears a German inscription which means "Here stood Napoleon viewing the battle with the allies, October 19th, 1813." It is now surrounded by an iron fence. Trees have grown up to shade it, and a caretaker lives in a house quite near. The corn fields wave around it, and all looks peaceful.

We walked on and passed through a little village, called Probsthayda, and about a mile farther, on the right hand side of the road, found Schwarzenberg's monument. He was a German general who was killed here, and his wife and son erected this monument to his memory. It is surrounded by a grove of trees, and enclosed in an iron fence. A little farther on is a linden or lime

tree, in which a stand was erected, and from this stand General Murat viewed the battle. On the left hand side of the road is a little elevation on which the three monarchs stood to see what was going forward. An enterprising man has laid out a very pretty flower garden at this spot, with various nicely decorated paths. The monument is very plain. On one side are two clasped hands indicating unity. On the other the name and date of the battle. Inside of a house this man has collected old muskets (flint-locks, of course,) rusty sabres, French rapiers, and a choice selection of skulls, some of them pierced with bullet holes, and others crushed with shot and shell. A copy of the Leipzig daily paper, giving a description of the battle by our own correspondent, is also to be found together with the inevitable guide book. The cannon are of the old style; the French are marked Versailles, 1810; the German, Potsdam, 1810. Many of the swords bear the names of the owners. I noticed one French rapier that had once been beautifully inlaid with gold, and was marked with various devices, though, as you can imagine, the rust of sixty-six years has not improved it. The caretaker looked somewhat surprised at my curiosity about the skulls; I could not help reflecting that they had once belonged to brave men who died fighting for their country, and who were huddled together in unhallowed ground to enrich the soil for the crops which were to come. Very fine, is it not?

We dined at an inn in Probsthayda on ham and eggs, bread and butter, lettuce salad, and German

cheese. The ham was good, the eggs were fresh, and the salad excellent. The cheese is somewhat peculiar reminding one of a mixture of jelly, sour milk and carraway seeds, rather an acquired taste I imagine,

It seems impossible to get a good cigar in Germany, three cents is considered quite expensive. I asked for a good Havana cigar in a "cigarron lager," the other day, but found it a poor one after all.

Your affectionate brother.

LEIPZIG, *July 28th, 1879.*

DEAREST MOTHER:—

Last Sunday I went out into the country for a walk with two Cambridge students. We started for a place called Waren, six or seven miles from Leipzig, and when half-way stopped for dinner, and then went on. It rained a little but it was a nice cool evening for a tramp. You have been having good weather, while here and in England and France it has done nothing but rain, rain, all the time, and the farmers have been kept back in their work. I have not yet seen anything like a good, hot Canadian summer day yet.

I am much distressed to hear that poor old Colonel has been lost, and cannot understand how it could have happened in such a small place as Hamilton with ordinary care. Have you advertised there.

I have been turned out of my rooms while housecleaning is going on, rather an odd time to choose, in the middle of summer. I am going to celebrate my twenty-second birthday with Waters and Bryson, two of my Cambridge friends, by a supper at the "Auerbach" Keller. I begin to feel quite old.

I went to the barbers the other day, and he did me up in elegant style, the process consuming the best part of an hour. The hair was most carefully cut. I was then whirled around in the chair, and the side whiskers trimmed. He would stand off a

little distance and look, with one eye shut, and then make another clip. This seemed to continue for about fifteen minutes. Then came the bath in the floraline, or benzaline or some other "line." My moustache and hair were then rubbed with his celebrated wax pomade to enable him to brush the hair anywhere he liked. The back was done up in equally swell fashion. The moustache was curled out into two points suitable for fly roosts. Nose and forehead then gently dampened and dried, and then the waiter rushed up and brushed me well, with his mouth watering for a tenpenny piece. As a finishing touch I was sprayed with perfume, and conducted to an outer room where you were informed that the bill amounts to the large sum of 15 cents. I immediately returned home and, with some water and soap and a towel, waged war upon the benzaline, wax, bear's grease, etc.

Your affectionate son.

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.
Sunday, August 3rd, 1879.

DEAR FATHER:—

This place is called Rosstrappe, from whence at some time in the past the devil jumped on horseback to another peak, called the Hexentanzpatz, or the Witch's Dancing place. A witch is said to have lived here at one time.

An excursion came from Leipzig to-day, leaving at 5 o'clock in the morning, and returning at 7.30 at night. Fare 4½ marks. The day is very fine, and we can see for miles and miles over the plain. In our party are two German students and one Cambridge student. A band is playing and the music is rather poor. It was a warm walk up and we perspired very freely.

Your affectionate son.

LEIPZIG, *August 10th, 1879.*

DEAR FATHER:—

Dr. Gaule advised me to buy a microtome, as I would find it invaluable in pathological histology. I saw one in Professor Cohnheim's laboratory. It is said to be the best made. They cut specimens now, after five days immersion of the tissue in hardening fluid. The bookseller here sells books to English students at less than publishing prices. He does a very large trade with Cambridge University. The German books are much cheaper than English books. The Tauchnitz edition of English works by the best authors are sold for sixpence, while in England they cost 2s. 6d.

Jones is now in the London Hospital. One of the house physicians was dismissed and Jones obtained the vacancy. I intend to go to Vienna and take courses on operative surgery, operative midwifery, pathological histology, diseases of the eye, and diseases of the skin. I have nothing to do now but read. The institute closed last Saturday.

Poor Maunder, one of the senior surgeons of the London hospital, went mad and committed suicide by jumping from the third storey window of a lunatic asylum.

Prof. Ludwig and Dr. Gaule gave me their photographs. An interesting symphysiotomy was performed here by Tiersch, but the patient died. An extirpation of the kidney done here lately has been successful. A similar successful case has been recorded from America recently.

LEIPZIG, *August 27th, 1879.*

DEAR MOTHER:—

At last I am moving. I leave to-day at three o'clock and go to Dresden. From Dresden three or four of us are to walk through Saxon Switzerland, from a place near Dresden to Prague, a distance of about 120 miles. I hear that it is beautiful and wild.

Dr. Gaule has written to Prof. Virchow to find out whether I can get work at his laboratory and when. He heard that I would be welcome at Virchow's laboratory in the first week of September, at which time I can begin work at pathological histology. I had given up the idea of going but went to consult dear old Professor Ludwig about it, and he advised me to go, seeing that lectures in Germany and Austria did not begin until the middle of October. In Berlin he said I could attend Schroeder and Langenbeck's clinics. He offered to give me two letters of introduction to these men, but said that Prof. Virchow would do it for me better than he could. If I find it to my advantage I will stay in Berlin until the first half siemester is over, namely, Christmas. I then intend to go to Vienna.

I have to let the police know that I am leaving, and to obtain a passport, which is necessary on entering Berlin. They are very strict at present.

Your affectionate son.

KANONIER STRASSE.
BERLIN, *Sept. 14th, 1879.*

MY DEAR JACK.

I have not heard from home for about three weeks on account of my change of residence. Our walking trip through the mountains well repaid us for our hard work. We all felt much refreshed by it. The scenery was beautiful, lovely woods and fair valleys. There is nothing like nature after all; the wilder the scenery was the more I felt at home. It was a hard trip on socks and boots. Our boots were worn one sided from the climbing. I had to have the soles and heels squared up when I came here.

I went to Potsdam to see Hartnack personally regarding my microscope. Potsdam is a short distance from Berlin, and was at one time the seat of royalty. It takes three-quarters of an hour to reach it by train. I want a lens that will magnify still more but it is too expensive to purchase just now, costing $40 right from the maker.

Never in my life have I experienced such a lonely sensation as when I arrived in Berlin without a friend in this centre of the German world. I looked about for lodgings and finally settled here. A man at sea has the company of the ship, a man in the woods has the company of nature, but in a large city among the tumult and the bustle one feels the loneliness most intensely. After some six

days of isolation I came across two Englishmen, and we struck up a friendship and now dine together. They were Dr. Fisher and Dr. Thompson of New York.

I am afraid I will have to change my lodgings again as these are not very comfortable. There are two young children and they cry a good deal.

Your affectionate brother.

KANONIER STRASSE,
BERLIN, *Sep. 30th, 1879.*

DEAR FATHER:—

My old Hausherr in Leipzig has evidently been procrastinating, as he has not sent on any of my letters. I am pleased to hear about the telephone. It must be a grand institution and will save you many an extra trip.

I have found a friend here in a Dr. Fisher, of New York, a nice quiet fellow, who was in Vienna all last winter. We are taking what is called ante-siemester courses for practising physicians. One course is on microscopical anatomy of pathological conditions by Dr. Grawitz, of Prof. Virchow's laboratory, to whom Dr. Gaule gave me a letter. These classes are held on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, from 7 to 9 a.m., and on Friday from 2.30 to 4.30 p.m. We have a room in which we are allowed to work by hours totally separate from the other lectures that are going on in the morning. This work we do from 9 to 11 on lecture days, and from 8 to 10.30 or 11 on other days. At 11 we visit the post-mortem room and see the sections. On Monday last we had six post-mortems, and every other day there are from one to three. For this course we pay $10, but are required to supply for our own work absolute alcohol and working utensils. We have another course under Prof. Martin, a celebrat-

ed gynecologist. Three days in the week we go to him from 12 to 3. He provides cases for examination, and assists us in making a diagnosis. He has also an extra course on the other three days during the week, but this costs $7.50 more. We have only taken the three days as yet, for 30 marks, but if we find the work valuable we will take the other three days. Fisher tells me that one cannot obtain this experience, even in Vienna. When the siemester begins I intend to go to Shroeder's clinic.

There is a great deal of typhoid fever here, I find from the post-mortem examinations. Lung diseases also seem to be prevalent.

Your affectionate son.

Oct. 19th, 1879.

Dear Father:—

One thing I consider a very great mistake is that the Council intend to have oral examinations for the primary and written examinations for the final. They should copy the English system, and have written examinations for both primary and final. Those not plucked by a very bad written examination should have their oral. Primary oral should be from dissected specimens in connection with the study of materia medica and physiology, and the chemistry should be practical. The oral for the final examinations should consist of operations on the dead body in surgery, and midwifery, and examination of physiological and microscopical specimens. In other branches diagnosis and treatment at the bedside, bandaging and the application of splints, and the passing of the catheter. To make matters easier in London, patients are brought from the wards in the evening with such diseases as incipient phthisis, Bright's disease, heart disease, cancers of external parts, old ruptures, hydrocele, skin diseases, and the students are required to diagnose these cases. The cases that cannot be moved are seen at the bedside. Here they seem to think that the patients are for the benefit of the students, and not that the patients should be kept away from the student, as seems to be the case in Toronto, where the public

believes that the hospitals were not built to benefit the medical profession. It may shorten the life of a consumptive to have his chest bared carelessly for the stethescope of a student, but such a thing is hardly probable. Here the material is used to the best advantage, and the patient is made to suit the student's purpose.

The courses that I am taking here are designed for advanced men and last until the first of November. I then intend to take Virchow's lectures and Schroeder's clinics, and I will add to these one clinic, that of Prof. Henoch on children's diseases. I have secured my place in the working class on microscopy, for which I had to pay eight marks. When Martin has operations we go to see them in the mornings, sometimes at 7 o'clock, sometimes at 10.30. He generally performs any ovariotomies about 7.30 in the morning. At 4 in the afternoon we go to the Allegemeine Stadt Krankenhaus. This is the City General Hospital in a suburb called Frederickstein, for a course of Herr Dr. Schade on operative surgery on the dead body.

It is 7 o'clock at night when I get back to my lodgings. The surgical operations we perform two or three times. They consist of such operations as tying arteries, resecting joints, performing amputations, tracheotomy, lithotomy, etc. Martin performs his operations at his private apartments, Eichendorf. Here he has eight or nine rooms for patients. They are neatly and nicely furnished, and in charge of his head nurse and her assistant. The patients are chloroformed in their apartments,

and then carried to the operating room. The patients for laparotomies are placed upon a low small table, perhaps two inches higher than the operator's knees when seated on a chair. Both legs were thrown over his and he thus sat between them. He had a large india rubber apron with a band to fasten around the neck. In this way he was completely protected from blood and water. The parts were then washed with carbolic solution, and the pubes shaved, the abdomen opened, under Lister's carbolic spray. The wound was sewn together, and put up with tow protective, and carbolized gauze, and over all a flannel belt. On Sunday the class assemble at his house to see his instruments. He has a large number of them. The instrument maker, who was present, waited to show us an extra display and gave us his card. I intend to buy some instruments from him. They are very cheap here compared to what they cost in England. English students do not care to buy knives here; the steel is not considered as good as in England.

We live very quietly. I have been to the theatre once, twice to the roller skating rink, and spent one evening at the house of the Rev. Mr. Thomson, father of the Dr. Thomson of New York, who died lately. He was an eminent man.

BERLIN, *Oct. 28th, 1879.*

DEAR MOTHER:—

Thomson and Fisher called on me last night. I sent the Hausfrau out for some cakes and half a dozen pints of lager in bottles. We sat up until twelve o'clock, and I led the way down stairs with a lamp, and key weighing about half a pound. We descended four flights from my lofty abode. My room has been recently furnished and looks very neat and tidy. Among the ornaments are two large alabaster vases, one on either side of a large mirror; a bust of Bach, musician, stands out from the wall. Over a bracket is a bust of Cupid in iron, and around the walls are engravings of celebrated paintings, such as "The King is Dead, Long live the King," "The Family Joys." There is a fine jewel casket made by the Hausherr. This is his business. He is known as a "platterer," but not only does he do this, but paints well in oil, also does sculpturing and modelling. On the wall is a newspaper "mappa," or holder which he has carved from wood. Around the room are other trinkets made by his own hand. There is the usual large German stove or furnace built nearly to the ceiling, and covered with plates of porcelain, surmounted by the head of a boy carved out of soft stone. Near by are the polished brass plated fire irons.

On my first Sunday I spent here, I went to a picnic with the Hausherr and his wife, to what is

called a "Schlactensee." I was very glad to go somewhere as I knew no one. We set out for the Potsdam train at eleven o'clock. I am always glad to see any new phase of life. The two children were dressed up in holiday attire, and we took with us a basket of provisions. The working people were decked out in their best. When we had gone a little distance towards the station the husband found that he had forgotten the tickets. I was forced to take the basket, and help on with the children to the station, and did not exactly relish the task. I imagined the people were staring, but this may have been only imagination. We entered a third class compartment and the train started. The trip consumed twenty-five minutes. We had a row on a little lake, and then arrived at the rendezvous of the Angling Club. A band of music was playing in the ball room. The ball room looked like a wood shed boarded over for dancing. The band consisted of an old played-out hand organ, and two or three other instruments. They danced, women in aprons, and men in shirt sleeves. I understood this was a private club. I was introduced to the president in his shirt sleeves, and he requested me to pick out a partner and dance. They had evidently been informed that I was from across the water, and it seemed to me as if I was a living curiosity. A young girl asked me to dance as it was now the ladies' turn to ask the gentlemen. I had to do so or offend the company. On the way to the station a procession was formed up, headed by lanterns, and accompanied by the hand organ. We arrived home very tired. I have often laughed

over the trip and the people and the band. I felt somewhat humiliated in the restaurant. The Hausfrau brought her own coffee and asked for hot water from the restaurant kitchen, and asked for permission to make the coffee in the kitchen. A good many of the people about seemed considerably amused.

My Dear Nell:—

My letters have not had much information about the sights of Berlin as yet. My work is too absorbing to put in much time amusing myself. Yesterday the heir to the throne of Russia, and his sister arrived on a state visit from Vienna. The weather was very bad, snow falling steadily; it quite reminded me of a winter day in Canada, and I longed for a ride in one of the many sleighs that were dashing about. The Russian Royalties drove through the Brandenburg Gate, Berlin's Arc de Triomphe, and along the famous "Unter den Linden" (under the lime trees), which is not as imposing as its name. There are double rows of limes down the middle, and the wide streets on either side are lined with shops. The escort of soldiers were a smart-looking lot, especially the Dragoon Guards, one of the oldest regiments. Their uniform is light blue, with red collars and gold lace, and helmets with white plumes. The guests were conducted to their quarters at the residence of one of the many princes who live hereabout, quite near the restaurant where Fisher and I eat our meals.

Next Saturday afternoon we intend to visit the Royal Picture Gallery. After dinner on Sundays we go to the Cafe Bauer and see there the London Times, Telegraph, Graphic, Illustrated London News, the New York Herald, the Tribune, and

Harper's Weekly, but not the Canadian Illustrated, of which I fear they have never heard. I was proud to see this afternoon a picture in the Graphic of the first cannon manufactured in Canada. It was being tested at St. Helen's Island opposite Montreal.

Your affectionate brother.

BERLIN, *Sunday, Nov. 30th, 1879.*

DEAR JACK:—

Tell father that the cheque arrived safely. On Thursday Dr. Fisher took a young lady, a Miss G—— of New York, to the American Dinner here. As I live just across the American border I received an invitation. We sat together and had a very pleasant evening. Mr. White, the American Foreign Minister, took the chair. On his right and left were several celebrated German professors. The responses to German toasts were responded to by Germans, and only one of them spoke in English. After the dinner was over dancing began. Miss G—— introduced us to several of the ladies, and among them to Mrs. White, wife of the Minister. In the course of the evening I met a lady from Rochester who knew Toronto very well.

Dr. Fisher and I visited the National Picture Gallery to-day. It is a beautiful building with marble stairs, marble pillars, and frescoed walls. It is a model. There are a great many paintings of German battle scenes, and these are almost entirely of the modern school.

After breakfast this morning we went to the Hof Capella, or Court Chapel, and had a very good view of the Emperor sitting with his family in a very simply decorated pew. He was dressed as a German officer, and beneath the folds of his overcoat he wore the many medals with which he has

been decorated. During the hymns he used his spectacles, and seemed to be following the words very closely. At prayer he stood, but seemed to be somewhat feeble. The Empress was also present. After service we saw the Emperor enter his carriage and drive off, the Empress drove off in a separate carriage first. The church was crowded with worshippers, the poorest being able to gain an entrance. Von Moltke was also present.

I have just been called in to attend the eldest child of my Hausherr. It has developed scarlet fever and became sick yesterday morning.

BERLIN, *Dec. 22nd, 1879.*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—

I suppose the Christmas cards I sent have arrived. I leave here for Vienna on the 1st of January, New Year's Day. It rather breaks in upon one's Christmas, but there is no charm about a Christmas and New Year's away from home. By the time that you receive this letter I will be settled in Vienna. I am not sorry to leave Berlin as every step farther along brings me nearer home.

My friends, the Thompsons, left the other night for London via Antwerp. Dr. Fisher and I went to see them off. A number of the Japanese and Chinese Embassy were present, as well as the Minister from the Sandwich Islands to Berlin. The Chinaman was dressed in his native costume, but the Jap as a christian. It was a sad farewell for Mrs. Thompson, as she leaves, perhaps for ever, the city where for several years her life has been one of great happiness. Her husband's will expressed the wish that he was to be buried in Germany, and now all that remains to be seen of him is a pretty tombstone in a foreign land. Mrs. Thompson felt this very much, thinking that the grave would be uncared for as he lay thousands of miles away from his people, and perhaps she could never again cross the ocean to gaze upon the spot. They go to London for a while and then back to New York.

The holidays have begun and lectures are finished. I presented my Hausherr and Hausfrau with $2.50 as a present for their kindness. In the evening I was presented with an ash holder made in the shape of a sleigh, the frame work is made of German silver, and the body is a large shell. The Hausherr made it himself as this is his work. I have had some trouble with the children. I attended them for scarlet fever, and they have come through nicely without any complications. The eldest was very sick. It was necessary for me to protect myself as I am not registered here. I told them that if the child became worse they must send for a registered physician, as I could not grant a death certificate. The mother was taken sick with severe sore throat and tonsilitis but no rash. The Hausherr was almost worn out. He had to make my bed, tidy up my room, bring in coffee in the morning, and do everything on account of the fears of the neighbours. After all had gone along well for two weeks, one of the children became sick again, and a pustular rash came out. I was somewhat frightened, thinking that it might be modified small pox. After waiting, concluded it was chicken pox. They are doing well.

From here it will cost me, when porters and freight are included with hotel ticket, $25 from Vienna to London via Paris and Bologne. A second class ticket costs $5.14. This makes about £10 in all, a big hole in fifty pounds. In Vienna the courses cost from 30 to 40 marks, $8 to $10. I have to purchase a laryngoscope which will cost

about $10. I took the liberty of going on to Vienna because you yourself were not averse to this visit. I scarcely knew what to do when I learned that you wished me to return to London, but hope I have decided on the best course.

VIENNA, *Jan. 7th, 1880.*

You will see by the heading that at last I have arrived at my destination. I am sure you will be satisfied, and will sanction my coming here. Had I not done so I would have been greatly disappointed. I bought several new books in Berlin before leaving, Meyer on Diseases of the Eye, and Virchow's Cellular Pathology, and Gehrhardt on Diseases of Children. After having sent my baggage by freight, two friends saw me to the station in Berlin, but owing to a mistake of the sleepy cabman, for it was early in the morning on the day before New Year's, we were taken to the Gerlitzer instead of Dresdener Bahnhoff, and my departure was delayed until New Year's Day at eight o'clock. I arrived in Vienna twenty-three hours after leaving Berlin, and put up at the Hotel Hammerward. After two day's hunting I found suitable lodgings, and saw a good deal of the city. They have a great many holidays here. The first one we met was the holiday of the "Three Holy Kings." These holy holidays are a public nuisance in Vienna.

The course arranged now is as follows;—From 9 to 10, diseases of the ear; practical instruction in the passing of Eustachian catheter, etc., etc., by Prof. Greuber, 20 florins; from 10 to 11, diseases of the throat, laryngoscopy and rhinoscopy, practical,

Prof. Schrëtter, 20 florins; from 11 to 12, diseases of the bladder, urethra and prostate, microscopical examinations of urine, etc., Prof. Ultzman, 15 florins; from 12 to 12.30, dinner; 12.30 to 2, midwifery (and at night also, in turn, what cases of labor there are going on, with application of forceps, etc.), Prof. Carl Braun von Fernwald, 10½ florins; 2 to 3, no course arranged as yet; 3 to 4, diseases of the skin, Prof. Neumann, 20 florins; 4 to 5, diseases of the eye, use of opthalmoscope, Fuchs, 20 florins; 5 to 6, obstetrical operation on the cadaver, performing each operation at least once, turning, craniotomy, forceps, caesarean section, Prof. Pawlik, 20 florins. The course from 2 to 3 will likely be on eye operations. Operations performed on sheep's eyes, each operation to be done by each student five times, 20 florins. Total 145 florins 50 cents. A florin is the same as a guldin. The sum above mentioned amounts to about $70. The courses last between six weeks and two months, one hour each day but Sunday.

I leave here about the middle of March, or perhaps sooner so as to have six weeks in London, to read up and arrange my work necessary for a written examination. The examination of the Royal College of Physicians comes off in May. Kindly say nothing about my examination to friends for fear that I should fail.

After paying out so much money for courses, you will easily see that I will need money to return to London. The London examination costs from $75 to $80. I need to purchase a pocket case,

and one or two other necessary instruments in London. Here I must buy a laryngoscope costing $10.50.

I expect to return by Paris and to stay there for three or four days, and to go to London via Dieppe.

There came a letter costing me 35c. extra. It was the least bit over double weight for which 10c. had been paid, but the whole thing had to be paid over again, thus making 45c., as much as the Christmas card cost.

Mr. Simmer's letter I did not find necessary to use. As I soon made friends in Berlin, I did not use J. B's. letters. I wrote to Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson sometime in September for a letter to Prof. Schroeder in Berlin I was surprised by getting no answer. However, on the day before New Year's, one arrived with a note saying that he was very sorry that the letter had been written but laid aside, and, although he was afraid it was now too late to be of use, he sent it to show his goodwill. He wished me a Happy New Year and closed.

My friend, Dr. Fisher, of New York, left for London on the same day as I did for Vienna. We hope to room together there on my arrival. A friend of mine, a Dr. Wyle, in Berlin, wished to send a present to Mr. Warren Tay, Mr. Hutchinson's assistant surgeon. I got Fisher to take it, and gave him a letter to Jones.

Kindly have my newspaper addressed, until the 1st of March, Allgemeines Krankenhaus, Alserstrasse, Vienna, Austria, and address all letters thus

until further notice. I hope you had a merry Christmas and happy New Year. My New Year's call was a long one, twenty-three hours by rail. When you know that Montreal is sixteen hours from Toronto you can readily imagine the distance.

Your affectionate son.

VIENNA, *Jan. 24th, 1880.*

DEAREST MOTHER;—

I have received your pleasant letters from time to time. In my last letter to father I gave him my reasons for coming here, where the advantages to be obtained are so great. The courses on the diseases of the throat, ear, and eye surpass my expectations. The course in midwifery is also a very useful one; the operations are performed on a dead woman and a dead child.

My baggage has not arrived yet, and three weeks have passed. The Germans are very slow about such matters. I went the other evening to hear the Strausse Orchestra, and to-day dined with a Dr. Morrow, of Albany, New York, whom I met in London, and also a Dr. Hunt. After dinner we walked out to see the Danube in flood; the river must be pretty in summer, but at present looks dull and colourless.

I tell father my medical news and doings, but you would be more interested in my diversions if I had a chance to see something besides hospital life. There are any amount of beautiful galleries to visit if one had the time for that kind of thing, but I can only pursue art in the briefest way, and take a bird's eye view of all the interesting things in these history-steeped places.

You, at home, must scan the political horizon of Canada with anxiety. I saw an article in the

Illustrated London News that rather startled me. Canadians are talking about freedom and independence, and Englishmen of closer ties. One or the other must eventually come about. If the latter, how? The only way that I can think of will be the formation of a Canadian throne for some thick-headed English Prince. The Germans and Americans are talking about the future of Canada, and our future has aroused the curiosity of Europe. I hear that the Governor-General is attempting to introduce English tomfoolery in the shape of a court. It is to be hoped that this will not be permitted as it is undoubtedly the stepping stone to something else behind the scenes.

We have a wretched case up for trial here. The wife and daughter of a fairly wealthy man plotted to take his life and secure his money. The lover of the girl, a very handsome fellow, was let into the secret, and was practically engaged to commit the murder. It was arranged that he was to follow the father on a trip to the country to kill him there and return and marry the daughter. His courage failed him at the last minute and he gave everything away, and the mother and daughter are now standing trial.

Your affectionate son.

VIENNA, *Feb. 1st, 1880.*

DEAR FATHER:—

I received your note yesterday with Annie's welcome letter, but I was very much astonished to find that you had not received any letters from me for four weeks. I wrote you a very important letter before leaving Berlin detailing my plans. I am now at a loss to know which of the letters have gone astray. The last two from Berlin I did not post myself but sent them to the Post Office. One thing troubles me, namely, that in my letter I sent a calculation of expenses. I will be forced to borrow some money here until some arrives. I had arranged to leave here in March for Paris and London, and if the other letter miscarried, funds cannot possibly reach me in less than thirty days with good mail service. I have $27 left, of which I pay out to-morrow for my morning and evening coffee and a few extras about $8. I would like you to send me $300, if you can manage it, as soon as possible. I can easily borrow some money from Dr. S———, who intends to stay with me when he arrives in Vienna from Berlin until he is able to find a room.

If I get through my examination in May, I may take any appointment that turns up. If not, you will see me home again before very long.

Dr. Fisher called with my letter on Dr. Jones and secured the same rooms that he and I occupied

at 160 Stepney Green. They were pleased to hear that I was well. Fisher writes, "Your memory is still held in great reverence here, especially by Nellie, the little midget girl who never saw the country." He says that Nellie and Miss Corduroy are picking up and dropping "h's" all day long. From my London letters you know who Nellie and Miss Corduroy are without further explanation. Fisher was not fortunate enough to get under Hutchinson, but was put under Rivington. Jones remains there three months longer, so that when I return to England I will be able to rejoin my friends, Fisher and Jones, and run up to Cambridge to visit Waters.

Dr. Hunt and I to-day, after eating dinner, went out to Nussdorf to see the ice block in the Danube. It was a beautiful clear day with the sun shining brightly and although cold we enjoyed the scenery.

I met a Dr. Hall here, who, a little while since, joined our class on operative midwifery. Hearing that I was from Canada he asked me if I knew Dr. Lizars. I told him that he had settled in Toronto and had died there. He said that they had been chums in Edinboro, that Lizars had then gone back to Canada and that he had gone to Brazil. He also spoke of Dr. Russell. I went with him to hunt for rooms, and to return what he considered a kindness, he invited me to dine with him at the Konig Von Ungarn yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. This hotel is celebrated for having the best cooking in Vienna and the dinner was very fine. He gave me much information regarding

Brazil. He is a strange old man, about fifty years of age, but very good hearted. When he begins to speak of anyone, he finds it necessary to detail the lives of the whole family before he is able to finish up with the one life under discussion. He would speak of Simpson. "Do you know I once saw Simpson. Did you know Simpson? He was a fine fellow, a very fine fellow. I once saw him perform that operation. Yes, Simpson was a very nice fellow, much like Braun. Well, yes, I saw poor old Simpson perform that operation." His conversation becomes rather tiring. He has made a fortune out in Brazil, and returns to his partner in March after having had his nine months' holiday, a holiday he takes every fourth year.

Your affectionate son.

VIENNA, *Feb. 7th, 1880.*

DEAR MOTHER:—

On Saturday afternoon I went skating with a friend. We enjoyed the change. A band and a couple of organs dispensed what they called music. A remarkable feature in the German style of skating is the height to which they raise their lower extremities when making an 8 or doing the outside edge: also the accuracy with which they skate. They think they study grace, but I can scarcely say that I admire it. They bring down the point of the skate in a very precise manner.

My baggage has arrived at last. The man from the railway called to see me so that I should sign the paper. I was not in. He said he would call next day at twelve o'clock noon. I was at home at twenty minutes before twelve, but he arrived ten minutes before to find me out, but would come the next day. That night I was on duty in Prof. Braun's midwifery wards, and arrived home for coffee next morning at 8 o'clock. The man had been there at 7 o'clock hoping to catch me in bed. Then I wrote out a list of my hourly occupations and changes of position in the hospital, and here he was to endeavour to find me. He called again and my landlady signed for me, according to instructions. This might have been done in the first place,

but he was anxious to receive his "trinkgeld." When the landlady said that she would give him his "trinkgeld" he suddenly found out that it was not necessary for me to sign the documents. Two days afterwards the baggage arrived late on a Saturday afternoon. There was still further difficulty regarding the baggage. The man had to receive some money, and he came at odd times when I was out, and seemed disgusted to find that I did not stay at home to wait for him. I had my baggage, so I did not care when he came. I left the money for him but he would not take it. He said that I must sign the paper. The large box that I bought at Leipzig was opened so badly by Custom House officers that it will be useless. The lock of my trunk had been picked and the contents examined but no damage done. Nothing stolen as far as I can make out. I do not know where they were opened. They were to have left on the 8th of January, and I received them thirty days after.

Prof. Billroth operated last Saturday on a case of extra uterine pregnancy. Prof. Braun would not operate on the case as she had been two and a half years in this condition. She managed to coax Billroth to relieve her. The mass removed was adipocire, a fatty substance looking like beeswax. Prof Braun leaves a portion of the fundus uteri when operating for cancer. He uses the galvano cautery.

We have puerperal fever here more or less all the time. They had an epidemic of it in Prof. Braun's wards in November, and thirty-eight cases

were lost in two or three weeks and they had to close the wards.

I must now close as I have to be up at 6.30 in the morning.

Your affectionate son.

VIENNA, *Feb. 21st., 1880.*

DEAR FATHER:—

I received your welcome letter some days after it had been delivered at the Hospital, owing to the fact that I did not know that all registered letters for students were noted on a slate. I happened to look over the slate, saw my name, and on enquiry received the letter. Yesterday the second bill of exchange arrived in mother's letter. I intend to leave here in about a week and go to Munich, Berne, and Paris, and you can address letters in care of Dr. Fisher, 160 Stepney Green.

To-day, when attending a course of Diseases of Women, I was surprised to see S——, of Toronto, come into the room. I gave him all the information I could. He does not seem to think it necessary to understand German. There were no openings in any of the courses until May. S—— went to Dr. Bandl to inquire about the course, but as it happened, Dr. Bandl did not understand English. S—— tried to make him understand as a German. Bandl at last got it through his head. I could have easily set the matter right for S—— but he did not seem to care to ask me.

Several of my friends went with me to-day to have a group photograph taken. In the group will be an Englishman, Scotchman, a vacant chair for an Irishman whom we expected to have with us, a

Colonist from the Cape of Good Hope, another from Australia, and myself from Canada, an American from Kentucky, U. S., and an Englishman from Brazil. Ireland's representative was taken sick and could not be with us.

Your affectionate son.

HOTEL "MAX EMMANUEL,"
MUNICH, *March 7th, 1880.*

DEAR FATHER:—

I am on my way towards home. I bought some instruments before leaving. They can be procured for less money in Vienna than elsewhere. Among them is a case of eye instruments, two cases of throat instruments, Pacquelin's cautery, now used very largely in modern surgery. This cost me $12.50; in London it costs five pounds. The instruments purchased come to about $50. Underwear I find very expensive here, knitted drawers costing in Canada $1 to $1.50 a pair cost in Vienna $2.25; socks 80c. a pair.

From Vienna to Munich is a nineteen hours railway journey. At 7 a.m. to-morrow morning I leave for Constance on Lake Constance in Switzerland. From Constance I go to Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, Lausanne and Geneva, and from there to Paris and London.

My clothing is getting very shabby, but I prefer waiting until I get to London for a new outfit. I am sorry I must leave Italy and Russia to the future. It is not the best season of the year for Switzerland, but I might not get a chance of seeing it for some time if I do not go there now.

The tipping system amounts to a curse; even a

priest expects and accepts a tip for showing one through a church.

I go to London via Boulogne and the Thames. This will be my fifth trip up the Thames from Shoeburyness to London.

Your affectionate son.

PENSION MAUVAIS,
RUE DE BAGNEUX,
PARIS, *March 18th, 1880.*

DEAR MOTHER:—

While in Munich, I went to the Residenz Theatre and heard the play of "Nora." I was charmed with the galleries I found time to visit, especially the Pinakothek, or old Museum, filled with paintings. It is very fine and ranks well among European galleries. The building was erected by the splendor loving King Louis First, of Bavaria. In the evening I went to hear Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," at the magnificent Opera House of which Munich is justly proud. It is an enormous building with five galleries.

I have also seen the new Museum and the Clyptothek, or sculpture museum. The bronze factory, the most celebrated in the world, I found intensely interesting. It contains original models of all the statues cast here, and at present the gigantic "Germania" ordered by the German government as a monument to their great nation is in process of manufacture. It will not be as large as the "Bavaria" which I saw this afternoon. The latter is a colossal statue of a woman, so huge that twelve people can stand in the head alone.

The "Englisher Garten" is a charming park with fine old trees on the banks of "the Iser rolling rapidly," of Campbell's poem.

I got permission to visit the Marstall or Royal Stables and Coach houses, said to be the best in the world. There are two hundred fine horses, and a large collection of vehicles belonging to the rulers of Bavaria, from the 17th century up to now, including the curious State sledges and carriages of King Louis II. There is a royal riding-school attached to the stables.

With the assistance of "Baedeker's" guide book for Switzerland I planned out my trip, leaving at seven next morning for Lindau on the shores of Lake Constance. On reaching the lake, I took a steamer for Frederickshafen and Constance, arriv ing at the latter place at 3.30 in the afternoon. I saw the spot where the martyr, Huss, was burned to death, and the house in which he was taken prisoner, which bears a memorial tablet, with his effigy on it. The old Dominican Monastery in which Huss was imprisoned, is now turned into a hotel, but its charming cloisters and refectory are unchanged.

The water of these Swiss lakes is very transparent. Lake Constance is prettily situated between sloping banks, and the Rhine rushes from it with great swiftness. The town is not large and is almost entirely dependent for its life on its many visitors.

The next morning, at five I took train for Romanshorn, Winterthur, and Zurich. Zurich is situated on a lake of the same name, among beautiful vineyards, with the Utliberg mountain close by, and other snow-clad peaks beyond it. I went up to tbe top of the Utliberg by the funicular railway,

which rises seven feet in every hundred without cogs. The view from the summit is very grand, snow-covered Alps on all sides, while below is seen the lake and its many towns. I walked all the way down and saw much more by doing so. From Zurich a delightful sail on the lake brought me to Wadenschwyl, then on by rail to a village called Einsiedeln in the heart of the mountains, from where I was to "post" to Bremen on Lake Lucerne. Next morning, rising early, I kept my eye open and was lucky enough to secure the "banquette," just behind where the conductor sits. It is really his seat but he will always resign it for a consideration. The day was beautiful, and we went off to the jingling of bells on the four horses, and the cracking of whips, and good-byes shouted by those left behind. The drive was up and down hill, through a mountain pass where the road leads round what is called the Steinberg, the scene of the terrible Goldau land-slip when a town was buried. Far down in the valley beneath are lakes Lowerz and Lucerne with their vineyards and villages.

At a beautiful little place called Schwyz we changed post-waggons, taking another for Bremen, on Lake Lucerne. Of all the lakes this is undoubtedly the loveliest. At Bremen, I took a return ticket for Fluellen at the south end of the lake. There are many reminders of Tell's exploits in this region. As the steamer passed on to Fluellen we went close to Tell's Rock and Tell's Chapel, where the people come in gaily decorated boats to worship their hero once a year. Tell's Platte where he escaped from Gessler's boat is

another interesting spot. The road from Bremen to Fluellen is wonderfully constructed, being cut through the rock for some distance; many villages are seen snugly built under the cliffs. From Fluellen we started by omnibus for Altdorf, a small village where Tell performed the feat of shooting the apple off his son's head. Altdorf was also the scene of Gessler's death.

To continue the account of my breakneck career, after returning to Bremen I went to Vitznau at the foot of the Rigi mountain, and ascended the mountain next morning on foot as the wonderful cog and pinion railway does not run at this time of the year on account of the snow. I took a guide and we started up in pouring rain. At the railway bridge built over the chasm we got a lantern and visited a curious cave six hundred feet long. A waterfall partially hides its mouth, and at the back are three separate springs which supply water to the village of Vitznau far below. Still farther up we saw many chalets where cheese is made in summer. We then passed through a layer of dense vapor, which the sun could not penetrate to reach the earth below. In fifteen minutes more we were in brilliant sunlight and looked down upon what appeared to be a vast sea of snow; we were above the clouds. The snow now began to get a little deep but only in the drifted parts. On the top of the mountain is a large hotel, the Rigi Kulm. The view must be very fine from there on a clear day, there is such a sea of mountains all about.

From Vitznau, I went to Lucerne, a quaint, interesting old place, with a curious covered bridge

crossing the river, which runs like a mill-race at this time of year. A weird series of paintings called "The Dance of Death" is on the entire length of the ceiling of this bridge. The Lion of Lucerne, carved out of solid rock, is a fine example of the sculptor Thorwaldsen's skill. The wounded lion is emblematical of the Swiss struggle for independence. There are lovely walks and drives in and about Lucerne, and Mount Pilatus seems within a stone's throw. I had to content myself with climbing the Rigi for the present, and leave Pilatus for another occasion.

On Monday, I left for Lausanne via Berne, a strangely built old town. Lausanne is on the Lake of Geneva, and while going there one has beautiful and varied views of vine-clad slopes, blue lake, and snow-clad Alps towering over all. At Lausanne, I went down the hill to Ouchy on a railway worked without an engine. Two trains are run, one coming up at the same time that the other is going down, the weight of the down train pulling up the other. Such is the explanation, but I don't quite understand the system. They did not seem to use water ballast. The steamer calls at Ouchy, and takes you on to Geneva in about four hours. These Swiss lakes are all so beautiful; it is hard to say which of them one admires most.

In Geneva I went to the Opera house to hear "Faust," and was lucky enough to hit a gala night, with Faure, a celebrated tenor, in the leading role. It was quite apparent that broken down constitutions could still crawl, fashionably dressed, to the opera. It is some people's idea of rustication,

but I think some of them would have been better at home. Next day I walked to the Bois de Batai, where the Rhone and the Aar meet. It is a curious sight as the line of union is quite distinct between the Mediterranean blue of the Rhone rising from the lake, and the greenish mud-colored waters of the Aar which is a mountain stream.

I left Geneva at 3.30 in the afternoon for Paris, travelling with an American and his wife who were returning from Palestine, Egypt and Greece. He interested me with his stories of Jerusalem, Damascus, Galilee, the Wilderness of Judea and the Jordan.

At six next morning I arrived in Paris, and found quarters for six francs a day, everything included. The variety of languages spoken at the table is bewildering; English, French, German, Portuguese, Swedish, Spanish and Italian are a few of them. I have made friends with two young fellows who have been here before, and who will be glad to show me about the city. We drove out through the Bois de Boulogne, the fashionable drive, one afternoon, and by train to Versailles another day. The lovely Italian gardens there will be in perfection in a few weeks. We saw the "Petit Trianon" where Marie Antoinette made her picturesque attempt to be a dairy-maid and forget that she was a queen. One could spend days at Versailles and not exhaust its sights, but we could only scamper through the long galleries filled with treasures, and carry away an impression of cold splendor, now that the palace is no longer inhabited.

I have spent two days at the Louvre trying to see even some of its beautiful pictures and statues, but it will take many days to see all. The Invalides where Napoleon's tomb is placed has an interesting museum of weapons. Then I have been out to St. Cloud, which is now only a park, since the Communists destroyed the palace. It is on a height from which one overlooks the city. Paris has such a gay air, and the atmosphere is exhilarating just now, in the spring of the year. I quite dread getting back to smoky London again. Rather tired but perfectly well.

Oxford Terrace, Gerrard St.,
Islington, London,
April 6th, 1880.

My Dear Nell:—

This will be the first letter you have received since I left Paris. I am now in lodgings near the most central part of London, namely, the Angel Tavern, Islington, from whence busses run for all parts of the city. I immediately went to see Dr. Fisher and remained with him until I came here. I had a long chat with Jones and other old friends at the London Hospital the other day. Mr. Averil did not know me at first, on account of my whiskers. I dined with him at the Holborn Restaurant and we afterwards went to the Opera Comique and heard "The Naval Cadets." I met Mr. Churchill on Tuesday and he asked me to go with him that evening and see Mr. and Mrs. Betjeman but, owing to the shabby condition of my travel-stained clothes, I declined. I also refused an invitation to dinner on Sunday for the same reason. New clothes have been ordered and soon there will be no such excuse for evading people's kindness.

My intention is to remain here until July, working hard during the week and enjoying the company of my many friends on Sunday. I shall take a trip to Cambridge to see my old friend

Waters, who is an assistant to Michael Foster, the Professor of Physiology.

I intend to pay the fee of three pounds to attend Moorefield's Eye Hospital.

Do not give my address to indiscriminate people who ask for it, and who are coming here in the summer. Jones has been very much annoyed by visitors who endeavor to make use of his knowledge of London for the purpose of "toting" them about. Some men called to see him here whom he knew slightly, but he wished to be kind as they were strangers, and do what he could in the way of showing them something of the sights. It was rather a trial to Jones' pride to be seen with them in the streets as they looked like loafers and seemed rather proud of their appearance, interlarding their frequent use of slang with an unseemly use of chewing tobacco. Jones took them down by rail to see the Crystal Palace; he noticed some people in the compartment and thought their actions rather strange and soon found his suspicions justified. The fellow opposite brought out his cards and started the three card monte game as it is called. One of his confederates shouted out "Who'll go ten-bob on it." No one answered; again the man called out the same words, and this time one of Jones' companions said "I will." Jones begged him not to throw away his money, but he would not listen to him. "Make it a sovereign," said the sharper. "Alright" answered the Canuck; the card was turned and he lost his sovereign, needless to say. After awhile others, all of the gang, began to win money from the

sharper. Our countryman, in spite of Jones' advice, thought he could win back his pound. "Make it two sovereigns hearty," said the tough. "Let it be two," said the Canadian. The card was again turned; he had lost two sovereigns more The other Canadian was now aroused and hoped to retrieve his friend's bad luck. To cut the matter short, in less than twenty minutes they had lost about twenty-five dollars between them. The day's amusement was completely spoiled.

Fisher brought up Thompson, his friend whom I met in Berlin, to see me yesterday. I am glad to hear that times are better and business brisker.

Your affectionate brother.

Oxford Terrace, Gerrard St.,
Islington, London,
April 19th, 1880.

Dear Father:—

I am in first-class health except for a little London cough. I dislike London as much as ever.

The Sunday before last I dined with Mr. Thompson at Highbury, and last Wednesday I had dinner with Mrs. Thompson and her son, of New York, my Berlin acquaintances. They return to New York the first week in June. Fisher and Thompson are already talking of making camping trips in Canada; they are anxious to see the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by boat. I have proposed that they shall join our camping party some summer and hope it will come to pass.

Jones is very unsettled as to what he will do. Sometimes he thinks a little of Australia, again of New Zealand, and then has an idea that he will go to the Western States. If you hear of a real good opening in Canada, such as a partnership with someone about to retire, not requiring much capital, mention Jones' name and let us know the particulars as soon as possible.

Dr. Fisher's mother and sister are coming over in June. He is to meet them in Liverpool and bring them on to London. They are then going to the Continent, while he returns to New York to practice.

Your affectionate son.

LONDON, N., *May 3rd, 1880.*

DEAR MOTHER:—

Four years ago I borrowed from D—— Z——— a book that was either mislaid at home or stolen at the Medical School. The edition was out of print and no new edition has been issued. I promised to return it to D—— but he said "never mind." Now, as he is going down hill I am anxious to keep my promise earlier than I intended; namely, upon my return. Will you go to Willing and Williamson's or Hart and Rawlinson's and buy Croft's Elementary Chemistry, a book of about 120 to 150 pages. Write in front R. Z. with compliments of S———, and send it with an explanatory note to D——. I am sorry to give you the bother of doing this, but shall be much obliged to have the matter settled at once.

There is great anxiety in England about H.M.S. *Atlantis*. She has been missing for some time and the Admiralty holds out no hope. There are three hundred boys with officers and sailors on board of her. She took the place of the ill-fated *Eurydice* which capsized on her way home from the West Indies.

The last cheque was entirely too small, as my bare living expenses, without any extras such as clothing, come to at least $10 per week. Room, breakfast and tea, 18 shillings, dinners 14 shillings and a couple of dollars for extras. You see the money soon goes.

Your affectionate son.

London, *May 10th, 1880.*

Dear Jack:—

My friend Waters wrote asking me to pay him a visit at Cambridge, which is about fifty-six miles from London. Waters who was busy with his "Pups," as they call the students, sent a man whom I had met at Leipzig, to meet me. Later on in the day, when Waters turned up, we made arrangements to see everything we possibly could. We first visited the different colleges, Trinity, which is Hill's College, King's, Queen's, Jesus, Christ's, which is Waters' College, Key's, John's, etc. There are seventeen separate and distinct colleges grouped round the one University. From several of them bridges run across a branch of the River Cam, leading to what are called the "Backs" or gardens of the colleges where the students ramble about and study in fine weather. Each college has its own chapel. The lawns, gardens and paths are kept in perfect order and there are magnificient oaks, elms and lime trees everywhere.

In the Museum is a large marble statue of the Prince Consort, who was once Chancellor of the University. This figure stands in the entrance-hall and was unveiled by "one of them dukes." The Prince of Wales studied here, or at least went to Cambridge for that purpose. Of late democratic notions have crept in gradually and the former evils produced by the mixture of aristocrat

with commoner have disappeared to a great extent. A lord is now but a student while the best man wins.

The cordiality I met with on all sides was surprising and invitations were showered on me, so I found Cambridge a very cheery place. On Saturday evening Waters and I had tea with Mr. Hill, and after tea we had pipes, cigars and beer in the shape of Pilsener, specially obtained for this German re-union. We had songs and stories such as "Right you are says Moses," "Upwards" (a parody on Excelsior), as well as German and French songs. At twelve o'clock we were forced to separate on account of the College rules. After an after-breakfast pipe on Sunday morning, Waters and I went for a long stroll about the town, and I dined for the second time "in Hall," then had tea in Mr. Flogg's rooms and talked about Canada with him. He had been out there and knew many friends of mine, and formed a high opinion of the Canadian people. While in Toronto he had seen Upper Canada College, the High School, the Model School, the University Club, etc. We then went to Chapel and finished the day by supper in Waters' rooms.

Monday I visited the School of Arms where they were boxing and fencing. We strolled over to the river to see the boats out with their coaches preparing for the May races. It sounded odd for one of them to call out "hurry up, Jesus', Christ's after you," or "here come the Christians," or "Jesus rows well." One coach shouted "No. 6 Jesus, steady." It seems absurd to have given such names to coll-

eges. We also saw Jesus' playground, as they call it, celebrated on account of its situation. Waters took me into Christ's garden where Milton planted a mulberry tree, which still lives, bent and crooked and old, carefully nursed as a treasure. Nearby, among the trees, is a delightful swimming-bath and bowling ground. We took tea with Hill and at eleven went to Mr. Lee's rooms, where we stayed by special permission until two in the morning. It was a very pleasant evening. Did I explain that a "pup" is a pupil of a tutor.

Waters introduced me to Professor Foster who is considered the greatest physiologist in England. We had three-quarters of an hour together in a very jolly conversation.

Your affectionate brother.

London, *June 14th, 1880.*

Dear Father:—

I expect to go up for the next examination. I have been assigned to a Mr. Lyell and am learning to fit spectacles and test for astygmatism, etc., besides having much practice with the opthalmoscope. I have not yet had time to go down to the London Hospital for the papers you sent.

The loss of George Brown will be keenly felt in Canadian political circles. The people seem not to have appreciated what the man had done until his place was vacated. I was astonished, when reading a sketch of his life, to notice that Gordon Brown's name never appeared in connection with his brother, proving that he was only a keel to the "Globe" ship and that George Brown was everything else. It is to be hoped that the assassin will be executed. Mr. John Bright lately made a speech against capital punishment, but in it I did not find a single convincing argument nor one worthy of notice. Although a few philanthropic women, such as those who took hold of the vivisection bill and who knew nothing about it, may think and believe all that he expressed, surely people of commonsense cannot agree with him. In Canada it would be a bad thing to have capital punishment abolished when all such wretches as the one who shot George Brown would have but little to fear.

I suppose you watch the affairs in the East with interest. Some little excitement exists here now

that we are on the eve of another Berlin Conference concerning the Greco-Turkish frontier but we are hopeful that all will be settled peacably and that the Berlin treaty will be fulfilled to the letter.

The Presidential election in the United States excites more interest here than I could have believed. The papers are full of it. Editorial after editorial fills the columns. Sketches of the lives of Presidents from Washington down are given; Grant's praises are sung and a history of the commencement of Garfield's life as a farm laborer and canal boat boy are commented on. The best of feeling seems to exist and at last the stiff and pompous John Bull is openly avowing his great respect, which he can no longer conceal, for his American cousins. I have heard business men, fond of Old England and bitter in their way, say that the United States was bound to be the greatest country in the world before many years.

Your affectionate son.

Dearest Mother :—

Yours in good health, ————, M.B., L.R.C.P., London. Eleven poor fellows out of thirty-three ploughed. Will write in a day or two.

DEAR FATHER :—

I bought a pocket case and will have it filled to suit myself. They give a 5% discount for cash. It cost £5 11s., including 2s 6d., to have my name put on it.

Dr. Fisher asked me to dine with him at the Inns of Court Hotel last week, to meet his mother and sister. I had to make it a very short evening and come home early, as I am more than busy just now. My nervous system is not as good as it was, but I shall soon recuperate after the hard work is over. The examination fees practically cost about $81.75 all told. For instance, my fee to the College of Physicians amounted to fifteen guineas, and I had to pay one guinea for a Government certificate for having vaccinated one hundred children.

I had an opportunity for an appointment at £100 a year, everything found, but the place must be filled on September 1st. Had I secured it, I did not intend to return for another six or nine months. It is of vital importance that I should complete all the course of study as I have outlined it, and if I do come home before long it will be with the idea of returning to England in the near future. The Anchor Line have offered me any vacancy they may have during the winter only requiring that I must take two trips each way, after which they will give me a free passage home.

Jones has just succeeded in obtaining an appointment in Soho Hospital for women ; £75 a year and everything found.

Steamship "County of Sutherland,"
Ducal Line, London,
July 1st, 1880.

Dear Mother:—

Having failed to obtain a ship to my satisfaction to America, I secured a surgeoncy on board the above steamer and we leave for Gibraltar, Malta, Suez Canal, Aden, Bombay, Ceylon and Calcutta. We sail to-morrow morning dropping down to-night with the tide to Gravesend. I am sure you will envy me my trip; I expect to be back in London about the 1st of November. Letters from you will not reach me now for some time, but by addressing them to the places and addresses I will give you, I may be able to pick them up on the return journey.

I am to be paid £6 10s. a month. Have had several articles to procure, cap, uniform, etc. We expect to have very hot weather in the Red Sea. I will write you a long letter from every port. The boat is a staunch one and the captain an able fellow and I hope all will go well.

Your affectionate son.

MEDITERRANEAN, NEAR MADRID,
MALTA,
August 10th, 1880.

DEAR MOTHER:—

This is the first opportunity I have had of posting a letter to you since we left. I sent one off by the pilot and hope you received it. The pilot ran us aground in the Thames off Gravesend and we were forced to remain there until full tide floated us off, a good many hours after. We left the South West India Docks on Sunday, August 1st. Not satisfied with running us aground the same pilot ran us into a sailing barge and we carried away her bowsprit and some of her forward rigging but our vessel was not damaged in the slightest. The voyage has been delightful. The water, for three days along the coast of Spain, and two days from Gibraltar to Malta has been as smooth as glass. In the Bay of Biscay it was comparatively smooth, The sun has been bright and warm and the moon just begins to light up the night, and will be at her full in the Red Sea.

I changed my mind very quickly. Having been offered a surgeoncy in one of the Temperly lines, *The Thames*, to Montreal, and back to London, I accidentally heard of this opportunity. They required a surgeon at once as the vessel was to take the place of the *Duke of Lancaster* just wrecked in the Red Sea. I had decided to leave for home

on Monday by the Temperly line and instead left on Sunday for India by the Ducal line.

The castles that I built in the air years ago have proved quite substantial after all. I have now been through the Bay of Biscay, have seen Gibraltar, with the Cape of Ceuta opposite, steamed through the famous straits, gazed on the barren rocks and shrub-clad soil of Northern Africa, viewed the old town of Algiers from the sea, and seen the characteristic lateen sailed boats trolling off Capes Bufahal and Roux. Here are the celebrated pearl fisheries, quantities of valuable coral are also obtained here. We passed Cape Garda and the small and well cultivated little Island Pantalaria, and we now hope, in three hours, to land at Malta. We ran to the north of the Island of Gozo aud then came down on the east side to the harbour of Valetta, the great military station. I remember talking with Ashby about Malta some years ago and the conversation is recalled as we now approach the island.

We had rather a bad cross sea last night, but the boat is well built and rode beautifully. At 2.30 in the morning we changed our course somewhat to run Cape Bon, then the seas were more abaft the beam and the going was easier.

The water of the Mediterranean is of a different tint to that of the other seas or of the ocean, and reminds me very much of the light blue of the Lake of Geneva. We expect to encounter great heat in the Red Sea and the ship is already covered with double awnings. We will soon be sleeping on deck.

Many of the passengers have been sea-sick. I

had one slight operation to perform and was forced to give chloroform and do everything myself. It is not a very easy matter when the ship is rolling.

The officers are first rate fellows, especially the first mate. The captain is jovial and good hearted and chums more with me than he does with the other officers. I expect we will be a good deal together. He was born in Inverness and, like all the officers, is Scotch. He calls me a Scotch Canadian and he considers that next best to a Scotchman. On Sunday the service we had was Presbyterian. I have charge of the second table and find that we live very well. I have to go on the principle that a sealed mouth and deaf ear is the only way to insure the friendship of all on board ship. It is well enough to receive the confidence of the different officers, but one has to let it stop at that or else make an immense amount of mischief. The passengers are very jolly and the hours fly pleasantly by. The trip out costs each passenger $200, while I am being paid for doing nothing and given plenty of time to read.

You will receive another letter sent from Port Said later on.

Your affectionate son.

STEAMSHIP "COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND,"

August 16th, 1880.

DEAR FATHER:—

We are now in the Suez Canal and the thermometer is 90 degrees in the shade and everybody is half suffocated. This is my twenty-third birthday and we cracked a pint of champagne on the bridge when the captain and the pilot drank to my health. It is the first, and in all probability will be the last, birthday that I will spend in the Suez Canal.

We left Malta on Tuesday last. I went ashore with the Captain and visited the ship-chandler's store and had an opportunity of observing how ships are provisioned on short notice. A lamb was chosen, killed and skinned in less than fifteen minutes. We bought pigeons, rabbits, turkeys, chickens, ducks, mutton, lamb, beef, fruits, peaches, apples, pears, plums, and very choice grapes.

In three days and a half we arrived off Port Said and after picking up the pilot, we proceeded to the entrance of the Suez Canal. The capital of Malta, I should have said, is Valetta, a curious place built of stone. The houses are rather pretty. In the Islands of Gozo and Malta about 200,000 people live. Sir Henry Burton is the present English Governor. English troops are to be seen all over and we heard the tattoo at 9-30 in the Grand Square in front of the Governor's house. Englishmen, Turks, Greeks, French, Germans and Maltese can

all be seen in the different cafés. The principal attraction of the place is a nice garden where a band plays every now and then, while the inhabitants sit out after the German style. The people are chiefly Catholic and the priests, as a consequence, are numerous.

St. John's church is a very fine edifice. There is an opera house, but the performances are very ordinary.

Before arriving at Port Said, we reached the green and then the muddy waters poured out into the sea for miles by the muddy Nile. At one of the mouths of the Nile is a fort, but the land is low and sandy. I went ashore at Port Said with the Captain and dined with one of his old friends who lives with his wife and family in a large, comfortable house surrounded by a tropical garden filled with cacti and various flowers. Behind the garden gate the watch is stationed. Here an Arab is kept on duty. All the servants are Arabs. They dress in a peculiar manner. After having dined we went to the Eldorado, a music hall, where a band of Bohemian girls were dispensing music. This appears to be the fashionable resort of the place. There is no sidewalk to be seen anywhere, the town being built right on a sandy bank of the canal.

After having taken in sufficient coal, we started on Sunday morning at four o'clock to enter the canal, not being allowed to go by night. Each night, the boats, except those carrying the mail, are forced to put up at one of the gares or stations. We went ashore one evening at one of these desolate spots in the desert and visited the house of

the gare keeper. It must be an awful place for anyone to live. While going through the canal we saw the whirlwind carry pillars of sand across the desert. We saw the wonderful mirage that in times past has lured on the thirsty traveller, influenced by the conviction that he sees before him a beautiful lake of water. There is sand, sand, nothing but sand, as far as the eye can reach.

The station at which we stopped last night was forty-eight miles from Port Said and forty-one miles from Suez, which is at the end of the canal. We were cordially received by the people here who were old friends of Captain Bain. I went in for a swim and found the water a delightful temperature. We sat out in the summer house at the station and smoked French tobacco, drank some good claret, and sang some songs. The moon was almost at its full and the desert, sand on all sides, looked beautiful but desolate. Such a scene is long to be remembered.

Going the other way, through the canal, we have passed many ships with white stained funnels, and whitened paint, indicating the fact that they have met with howling gales of wind in the Indian Ocean during the south-west monsoon. We expect to have smoother weather. We enter the Red Sea to-night. I am in good health notwithstanding the heat.

Steamship, "County of Sutherland."
Off Colombo, Ceylon.

My Dear Nell:—

I am sitting on the bridge with the hills of Ceylon just in view. We entered the Gulf of Suez towards evening after leaving the canal. The heat was intense, registering 94 under double awnings. The thermometer in the stoke hole was 107-108 for three days. None of the stokers were sun struck, but two were threatened. Ice water was consumed with avidity by all and very refreshing it proved. We slept on deck until we arrived at Perim and then slept below again. At Perim, the Island in the Straits of Babel-Mandeb, we hoisted signals to the garrison to let them know who we were and where we were going. Then we both dropped the Union Jack to say good-bye. We passed Aden on the mainland and I expect to visit it on the way back. On the Island of Jebel Tukur we saw the wrecks of two steamers, the *Penguin* and the *Duke of Lancaster*.

The Red Sea is a most dangerous one to navigate and can only be navigated by steam propelled vessels, on account of the thousands of coral reefs with which it is filled. These reefs run out sixty miles from shore. We saw thousands of sea birds and jelly fish, and many porpoises, and some turtles. In the gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean we saw hundreds of flying fish, and I obtained the wings of

the largest one that flew on board; they measure nine inches.

We experienced beautiful weather day after day. We are now nearing Colombo, in the Island of Ceylon, and expect to be there until Monday night. We will go on shore and have lunch with one of the passengers, and visit a coffee mill. Two or three of the ladies on board expect to go ashore with us.

Your affectionate brother.

CALCUTTA, *Sep. 14th, 1880.*

DEAR FATHER:—

I last wrote from Colombo, Ceylon, and sent a newspaper from Madras. In Colombo the captain and I dined with the port surgeon. We spent a very jolly evening at the Colombo Club.

At Pointe de Galle, the captain and I went ashore with three lady passengers. We visited the Oriental Hotel, the best in the place, and sat down to get cool beneath the ever moving punkah. We were scarcely seated when there was a general rush of jewellers and peddlers who were like their brethren, nude to the waist and bare legged, who wanted to tempt us with their diamonds, rubies, pearls and other precious stones, and wanted us to buy their ivory work, wood work, native lace, etc. Tortoise shell is found here in great abundance. We rested for a while and then called our "gharry," or cab, and got in. Then there was a rumpus because it is against the law for five persons to drive in one "gharry." However, the captain walked down two or three streets and then joined us. We proceeded on our way to the cinnamon gardens, but as we were passing out of the gates of the Fort we were again told that we were breaking the law. The captain bullied the native policeman, and said that it was not to be expected that he would separate himself from his family. He permitted us to drive on, We went away along the seashore between rows of native

houses, built of mud and bamboo after the most primitive fashion, and passed by hundreds of negro children, naked as when they were born, playing about the streets. We passed cocoanut groves and sugar canes through some beautiful spots, until we reached the cinnamon gardens. Here we saw growing the aloes and the nux vomica in all their perfection, the sarsaparilla and the liquorice, the bread fruit tree, the travellers palm, the cocoanut and the ebony. Here the sensitive plant grows wild in its tropical home amid a luxuriance of ferns. We also saw the lime tree and the cinnamon bushes, the nutmegs hanging from the stems. All this was included in a garden fenced in from a natural forest. There was no sign of cultivation. Forty or fifty negroes, of all ages, came yelling after us, begging and crying out "Massa got money, massa buy flowers." Some of the tribes wear turbans on the head, while some wear none. The hair is very profusely greased with cocoanut oil, and the skin is similarly anointed. We had to pay toll twice. An enormous negro stepped out to the middle of the road with a princely stride. He certainly had grace in his movements. His skin was coal black. He showed us a piece of leather that once had been a strap and to it was attached a brass plate with the words "Municipal Council Toll Gate" painted on it. The toll was 18d. or 30c. Rather steep, we thought.

They say here that nakedness is no evidence of poverty, because some of these men are immensely wealthy, and carry with them hundreds of pounds worth of diamonds.

The boats at Colombo are odd and took my fancy. One of the ladies made me a present of a beautiful model to carry home. These boats are what they call Ceylon surf boats, and have an outrigger consisting of a log of wood sharpened at either end, fastened by two over-reaching bows to the main body of the boat, making as it were a species of raft.

After we had visited the cinnamon gardens we took dinner at the Hotel, and then went on board the ship. We discharged the cargo that we had for the Melbourne Exhibition into one of the Peninsular and Oriental boats that had been waiting for us. In Madras our lady passengers left us. The captain and I went up with them to spend the evening and take dinner with their host, Mr. Clarke, chief magistrate of Madras. After dinner we had some songs and a dance. The Roman Catholic Bishop had been invited to meet us. He seemed to be a fine fellow, very jolly and pleasant. After dinner he drove the captain and myself to the dock in his carriage.

Next evening we went to hear the band play on the promenade on the seashore. Here we saw Europeans and natives driving out in their carriages. Some sat in their carriages while others promenaded up and down in top hats and frock coats. This custom seemed rather absurd in such hot weather. Comfort was evidently sacrified for the sake of looks.

On the second night the captain and I were invited to dine with a Mr. Peat, the ship's agent, who keeps bachelor's hall. Here we remained all

night as he lived some miles out of town, and we drove in early the next morning.

After leaving Madras we arrived duly in Calcutta, and will remain here for about sixteen days, leaving on or about the 7th of October, for Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles, where we hope to arrive about the second week in November. We then expect to take a cargo for Boston, and if so, it will be pleasant for me as I can then return to London with the ship.

This is, at last, Calcutta. It is not by any means grand, or what one expects, and I would not care to live here. On Sunday evening the captain and I dined at Mr. King's. Mr. King is a Scotchman, engaged here in ship building. The company at dinner was a very nice one to meet. They were composed chiefly of Scotchmen. In the afternoon we drove out, and in the evening went to church. It seemed odd to be in church with the punkahs going to keep the people cool. After church we visited another family, the Langhams. Last night we were out again with some more Scotch people. To-night I dine out while the captain goes to a meeting of the Masonic Lodge.

I am now on my last round turn finishing the castles which you thought so airy two years ago. Address from this date as usual to Marseilles to await arrival.

Your affectionate son.

Copy of Cable.

TORONTO, *August 15th, 1880.*

Yours of 14th, —— ——, M.B., No. 2 Oxford Terrace, Gerrard Street, Islington, London, undelivered. Left, Cable Department, New York.

ALMERIA, SOUTH COAST OF SPAIN,
November 23rd, 1880.

MY DEAR NELL:—

I hope you will file all my letters because they will be useful to me for reference hereafter. We have now been here for five days and I did not send any letters because they will not reach London for from five to seven days overland, whereas they will go in five and a half days by water. But, as there is no regular line running to London they use the overland route.

While here we took in the rest of our London cargo, namely, Sparta grass, oranges, grapes, and almonds. I went ashore the first evening with Captain Bain, a German chemist by the name of Lindsay, and a "Rock Scorpion," as they call the Spaniards who live at Gibralter and who are English subjects. It was the same tiresome old programme over again, namely, that of café life.

When we went to the Café Universal, we were introduced to and shaken hands by first one and then another who joined the group. The scorpion was the only one who could speak English and we could not understand Spanish. This made things slow, especially for the Captain who could not speak German. We had two Frenchmen and an Italian in the party, and between them all one would have thought that the tower of Babel had been built in Almeria. At this place there is a

small harbour that is constituted by the outward projection to the sea of a mole constructed by the goverment. The town is curiously built, composed of houses that nestle close beneath bold cliffs and mountains. No view can be obtained of the interior of the country. On the top of a high rocky peak, looking even yet like a huge fortress, is a large ruin. The walls are well preserved though 3,000 years old. Closer inspection proves that there is a great deal of interest centered in this ancient spot. It has a place that has long been celebrated for its thieves and vagabonds, its gamblers, and its murderers; men who would stab deep a lonely sailor for a few coppers on a dark night.

We were curious to see the far-famed dancing café, "Café Chantant." We went in and sat down far back in a dark corner so that we would be able to observe all that went on without being noticed. There were many dark and scowling faces. I think I never beheld so many criminal physiognomies, unless it was on one occasion on the borders of Bohemia, in Germany, on the banks of the Elbe. The girls on the stage were dancing some Spanish dances and, as these were new to us, they were interesting. The dance resembled the Hindoo nautch. Bad liquor was dispensed by half-drunken waiters to half-drunken men. Every man carried a long and nasty looking knife sticking in his belt and hidden by his mantilla. The mantilla serves as an overcoat. It is sleeveless and hangs loosely on the back. It is lined with gaudy and curious colors, and the more striking it is the more highly they prize it. The right side is brought forward and

thrown up over the left shoulder, thus giving to the wearer a peculiar air of fierceness. The windows of the houses are barred with iron and resemble gaols more than they do the dwellings of very handsome women.

The streets are narrow and during the hot months awnings are spread across them. They are badly kept and very dirty. It is impossible to drive in many of them; in some of them it is against the law to drive, so that mules and donkeys only are used. The pavement for foot passengers is wide enough for one person to walk alone. On account of this the middle of the road is used more than the sidewalk.

We thought it was easy to lose ourselves in London, but here is a city with 40,000 people in which one can lose himself every half hour. Narrow alleys emerge into squares and from these squares four or five other alleys lead. The houses are old but are very substantially built and in the main they are clean.

I went through the best hotel of the place. It is conducted on the French system, each guest hav- a bedroom and a large sitting-room adjoining. The landings from the staircases are thoroughly Spanish. They run around in front of the doors of the rooms. The doors open on to a hollow square extending from the roof to the basement. Around these verandahs the lodgers promenade and congregate in the evening.

The christening of the baby of an hotel proprietor took place while we were in Almeria. A rich gentleman who had arrived from Havanna was to

stand as godfather for the child, and he provided a very fine supper for the guests. Considerable excitement prevailed, and a large crowd assembled outside of the Hotel and greeted the showers of "largesse," or money, with a shout of welcome and a cry for more. Among the guests was our friend the German chemist. Favors were given to the guests. These were made of ribbon with the names of the parents, the godfather, the priest who officiated and the child. Some were ornamented with a gold coin and some with a silver coin.

On Sunday, we were invited to attend church. As there was no English church in the place, we proceeded to the house of one of the residents. The Captain dressed himself in church style, with a long coat and high hat. I argued with him that for such a small place this was quite unecessary. Our carriage had been ordered the day before. We felt as if we were going to gaol on account of the nature of the conveyance. It was drawn by two old way-worn, half-starved horses and lumbered along heavily. One is entirely enclosed in such a carriage and cannot see out unless he chooses to peep through a little star shaped iron ventilator. The coachman sat up on front, and behind him there is a seat running in the same direction as his own, but this is shut off from the interior of the carriage by leather aprons that can be opened if desirable. We arrived at our destination and were shown in. We found living in the house an Englishman and his wife, both young. The gentleman of the house officiated although he was not a clergyman. He read the English Church service, followed by a very long-

winded sermon or address, written by some Dr. Faithful and printed in a magazine. It was a very tiresome service and lasted longer than if thousands had been in the audience. The gentleman had a very squeaky voice, and his wife's singing was not to be commended. Captain Bain has, I think, the worst voice I ever listened to, and mine is nothing to boast off. The lady accompanied us at the piano. This, fortunately, was almost new and was well tuned. We sang the different chants and a larger number of hymns than usual. The whole thing seemed like acting a sacred farce. After service we drank a glass of wine, ate a prickly pear, and some grapes, and then bade our friends an affectionate adieu. Next day he and his wife dined with us and by remaining later than we wished them to, they forced us to break another engagement. When they departed they presented the Captain with a bible in Spanish and asked him to give it to any Spaniard who required it. They also left a few dozen tracts for indiscriminate dissemination. The English residents have, I understand, been much disgusted with their ill-directed zeal.

An old Englishman coming on board, as one of the hundred of visitors who swarmed over our decks, heard that I was from Toronto. Strange to say he had spent his youth there and evidently knew the place. His name is Jefferies. He is a man who has lost a fortune by speculation, and lives here with a little girl eight years old. He has adopted her as his daughter. She is a very pretty little Spaniard. They are very poor and the means on which he formerly lived have been with-

drawn. At one time he was the agent for the Anchor Line boats when they called here, but as they do not call any longer he has lost that occupation.

There is also a young fellow, named Lindsay who has studied at Edinburgh, and who there finished his third year in medicine. He was then unfortunately taken with inflammation of the lungs, and after having had several hemorrhages was forced to go south. He went direct to Barcelona with a gloomy future before him. His health improved considerably, but what troubled him most, was how to make a living. He had not completed his medical course in Edinburgh, and he had not the funds necessary to take a Spanish degree. At last he obtained a position as chemist for some mines at Almeria, and now he resides here with the English Consul, a Mr. Barron. He is very comfortably situated, but cannot marry, as his salary is only sufficient to keep himself. His mother was a cousin of old Dr. Primrose, who practised many years ago in Toronto. I was unable to tell him anything of the Primrose family, but have promised to inquire, and write to him later about the matter.

We visited the old Moorish castle together. I was deeply interested in this ruin. It is situated on the top of a hill of rock in an almost impregnable position. In parts the walls are in ruins, in parts they are well preserved, but of course, without any standing roofs. One can notice places in which the walls have been repaired and added to by the Catholic sovereigns of Spain, after the Moors had

been driven out. In many of the Moorish tales, one reads of the imprisonment by the chief of many handsome women against their will. Here one can find the underground cells in which these prisoners were kept. The old windows were small and high. There were no fireplaces, and even now in Almeria they have none except for cooking purposes, because it is never cold. In the more modern parts of the castle are the ruins of bastions and port holes for cannons and slits in the walls, from which firearms can be used. Two huge wells are found and these are supposed to connect the top of the hill with an underground residence, to which the inhabitants repaired as a last resource in case of attack. From this underground residence passages run for miles into the country, and they are open at the surface. No one is allowed to descend into these wells, and therefore the part that is of the greatest interest cannot be seen. When a stone is thrown into one of these oblong holes, on reaching the bottom, at a great depth, it sends up a sound a few seconds later as if it struck on wood. It is probably planked below, or there may be some apparatus similar to a dumb waiter, now a mass of ruins at the bottom. It is odd that no history of the place can be obtained, and everything is conjecture. Over a groined arch that is still left standing, and that gives one the idea of the entrance to a chapel, are the arms of the house of Austria. Nobody knows how they came to be placed here. The early Catholics are supposed to have built both chapels. There are many underground places, such as tanks for holding water,

places for provisions. The outer walls are of an enormous thickness. There are three fine stone staircases that still remain, and that show that a floor must be separating the space into two stories where they exist.

We also visited the Cathedral which was orginally a fortress. The centre of many of the columns are hollow for drawing water from wells at the sea level. There are some old pictures and fine pieces of statuary.

In Spain, in the morning at 8.30 they take a cup of chocolate, breakfast at 11 or 11.30, and dine at 5. In reality they eat but two meals per day.

The Captain and I went down to breakfast with the English Consul. We then walked in the garden under the grape vines and the fig trees and visited Mr. Lindsay's laboratory.

The district around Almeria is celebrated for its mining. The province contains more mines than all the rest of Spain put together. Here they find iron, silver, lead, and they obtain marble as fine as that at Carrara. Gold is not obtained. The ore from the mines is brought in by oxen or in mule carts. It is smelted down, run into pigs or bars and then sent away to America, England, or Germany, or is used in Spain itself. The oxen and the mules are fine, large, strong and well-kept specimens.

I was sorry that there was no bull fight to be witnessed during our stay. This is not the season for them. About two months ago they had one fight in which five bulls and several horses were killed. One bull killed seven horses. The fight takes place in an amphitheatre with seats arranged

around for the use of onlookers. The ladies dress in silks and wear white kid gloves, and the day of the bull fight is always a gala day in Spain. Owing to the extensive nature of the entertaiment seats are costly. The first to enter the ring are the men on horseback who endeavor to goad the animal into fury. When he is wearied, the men on foot, with spears gaily decorated with flags, pour into the arena. They are nimble and when rushed at, jump aside and inflict minor injuries to the animal with their spears. And, lastly, comes the matador, who is the most admired and cheered of all. It is his privilege to kill the animal unless the animal kills him. He is armed with a straight sword. As the bull rushes nearer and nearer to him he awaits it courageously and when the animal is almost on top of him, with an agility that they say is surprising, he jumps nimbly aside and plunges the sword deeply into the heart so that the animal soon dies. If he has not time to pierce the lungs or heart, he attemps to pierce the brain. Horses often gallop around after having been disembowelled. The sod is soon red with gore and the scene cannot fail to be anything but a brutal one. But the bull that kills the most men and gores most horses is the one that is the loudest cheered and a wounded matador falls amid the hisses of a cruel and unappreciative audience. The performance usually begins at five o'clock in the afternoon. Spain still clings to this sport, while other nations have been undergoing a process of so-called civilization.

In Scotland, some years ago, it was customary to give prizes for the best roosters. The school-

masters and trustees were appointed as judges to watch the fights and see fair play, and this was not so very long ago.

We were pestered with visitors on our decks and in our cabins. I never saw such handsome women before. They wear no hats but a very peculiar and becoming head-dress. They dress well and are exceedingly graceful but, unfortunately, we knew no Spanish and could not talk with them. Several of our acquaintenances brought down parties of three or four to see the fine ship. We would take them into the saloon, give them a glass of wine and a cracker, and then separate as mutely as a lot of deaf mutes. The best people of the town drove down in their carriages on the last two days, Tuesday and Wednesday, and the Captain and I were forced to stay on board to receive them. The French Consul came on Tuesday with his two daughters and some other friends.

I received a good offer for my "rock minor" and, though I am afraid the bird may die before we reach London owing to the cold weather, I made up my mind not to sell it. I bought two small barrels of grapes to take to London, one for Mr. Churchill and one for Mr. Averil, and also purchased a small cask of olives for my Italian landlady. I hope to get a ship from London for New York. So shall soon be at home again.

Your loving brother,